TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Around Town.

Home coming has begun. After the summer holidaying time comes the period of misery when the holiday maker has to get down to work and feels that no matter what his salary or profits may be the labor is scarcely worth the effort. I have been away fishing for nearly a month and for the last two days have been industriously trying to do something. It is wonderful how into one's desultory thoughts steal the pictures of pine-clad rocks and rushing waters and placid pools. The music of the reel, the eagerness of the sportsman, the slack-end line, the disappointment of losing a fish, the joy of capture, come back to one unbidden when the nomadic impulse, aroused by the weeks of a gypsy life in camping, refuses to be barred out when one again becomes a house dweller and sits down at the study or office table with a shaky determination to begin work. I intend beginning next week a few little sketches of life on the Nepigon, and must not infringe upon prospective descriptions of scenes which force themselves into the lazy languor which marks everybody's first efforts to resume business after holidays. Those of us who dwell in cities amidst the "madding crowd" lead frightfully unnatural lives, at least this is what impresses one in the midst of the first ineffectual effort to do some work after wandering in the "gaily painted shades" and sleeping in "a lodge in some vast wilderness." No matter how artificial we may become it does not take more than a month to arouse our latent impulses and no more than a year to bring us back again, when surrounded by savagery, to the original attitude of the barbarian. After one has a little taste of camp life free from all civilized surroundings, the thin veneer of civilization begins to crack and peel off. Laziness and a particular repugnance to any labor which does not have as its aim the procuring of food and rest, mark the first stage of man's descent from civilized conditions. A sunset, the reflection of islands, trees, and rocks on the glassy surface of the lake, is all the art gallery one asks; the roar of the cataract, the music of the rapids, the whispering of the trees, form an orchestra satisfying to every soul in which music finds an echo. Rough fare, crudely prepared, but served in barbarous profusion, is satisfying even to those who have been in the habit of quarreling with eminent *chefs* and complaining of the bill-of-fare at first-class restaurants. Ragged clothing, unkempt hair, tanned hands, and profuse mosquito bites are contemplated without any regard to the effect they may have upon on-lookers. Even one's speech is affected by the surroundings, and kindly actions take the place of unmeaning compliments. When one tries to shake off all these inborn impulses and resume the practice of a profession or the treadmill of commerce, or lifts the idle pen which has grown rusty while we have been growing natural, an unutterable repugnance to labor of any sort seems to enter the soul and life's task never seems so unbearable as when, after laying the load down and resting, we take it up again and begin to bruise our half-rested limbs in climbing the never-ending hill. Perhaps other people can change their occupation as they do their garments, without any effort, but I can't. There were plenty of disagreeable things in the voyage, the *portage* and the camp; but a week has been enough to make me forget them, and old Father Time, so skilful with his brush in painting pictures of the past, has already effaced the stains made by rough fingers on the canvas of camp life and has corrected the false perspective which is a part of every portrait painted by those who are too near to the subject. I suppose I should be more careful in my confessions if I didn't know that the majority of my readers are suffering from the same overpowering distaste for work caused by the same or similar circumstances. Work is an unnatural thing. Adam and Eve were not born to work, and I cannot think of their absurd appetite for green apples without wishing they had been a little more cautious in involving their descendants in a never ceasing struggle for enough to eat.

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Not only is one disinclined to labor, but the perspective which regulates the importance of events seems to have been destroyed by our having ceased to view the passing show from the usual standpoint. Nothing seems important to one after having viewed the catching of a five-pound trout as the chief end of man. After having been in the woods or canoeing on the river, where one could go or stay according to the whim of the moment, it seems immaterial whether the hierarchy are aggressive and endeavoring to wrest privileges from the State, which, if granted, would be detrimental to the citizen. What can one care about the tariff after having sat by a camp fire and talked fish for a couple of weeks? Of what moment are municipal politics compared with the pleasant topics, when, on a wet day beneath the dripping tent, one swaps lies with his companions and has all the world to himself. How small other contests appear when in conversation with incredulous and untruthful comrades, we have painted ourselves as victors in all sorts of critical circumstances. One sees things from the small end of the telescope after having had the eagerness of the critic dislodged by that of the sportsman. When one starts at the beginning of a month's daily newspapers and tries to read up all that has been written, the paucity of topics and the slipshod way in which they have been treated offends one, while but few amiable articles, vivid pictures or convincing arguments remain to give direction to one's thoughts or furnish material for a review. Perhaps the summer solstice has something to do with the weary nature of the articles written, at any rate the *Globe*, to which we have been looking for pabulum since Farrer joined its staff, is a most lamentable exhibition of gifted quackery and ungifted rot. Surely Mr. Farrer cannot be editor or the blue pencil would have prevented some of the ultra rubbish from appearing in columns which have so long been devoted to paltry pessimisms—it has been just such stuff as a new manager endeavoring to establish a reputation would refuse to permit. One may see in the *Globe* almost any day an article on the Behring Sea difficulty, winding up with old fashioned advice to dismiss our corrupt government, and in the next column a wise article on the bridges and culverts in Tamarac township which has the same moral. The next day beet root sugar, disease in rags, degeneration in bulls, prevalence of dogs, noisiness of cats, all ending with the same moral, "dismiss the present corrupt government." Occasionally the articles are exceedingly clever, particularly those which are noticeably Mr. Farrer's, but the whole make-up is simply awful. The same moral has been deduced from every conceivable topic until the most ignorant reader, even though he be a Grit farmer or the hired man of a Grit grave digger, cannot be misled by the intention of the casuist who is daily emitting his hatred of Sir John—a hatred which is made harmless by his "despiery" of every rule of logic, good taste, good sense and good everything. In the good old days when a light man was at the head of a light *Globe* we occasionally had an article in which individuality could be discerned. The thing has been so elaborately pounded into shape under the new management that no one has any desire to read the articles or to spend half a minute in conjecturing who wrote them.

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It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to see Preston, formerly of the Winnipeg *Sun*—a man who made a stir in the Province of Manitoba, and is deservedly known among newspaper men as clever—in the Brantford *Expositor*, his recent purchase, fighting the system of paying registrars and other county officers by fees. This Preston is not the Preston who manages the Reform party in this province. He is a man of large ideas, and the winds of Manitoba have not swept through his whiskers for nothing. He has lost the old feudal idea of serving his master without question. His newspaper is a Reform newspaper by name, but he means reform and is trying to make his paper live up to his ideal. The rankest Tory on earth respects the name of Reform—the idea of reforming abuses. But he must be excused if he does not admire every man who wears the name, particularly when nine-tenths of the party to which it is applied hold nothing in such great detestation as the reformation of an abuse. Preston was not singular in Manitoba, where the wideness of the limits and scarcity of restrictions permit every man to have large ideas, and within the radius of a name to have liberty, but he is likely to accomplish a good work in this province where the name of Reformer is placed on the bottle and the poison of retrogression, the aroma of tyranny and the contagion of jobbery is but poorly concealed. The Reform newspapers in the smaller cities and towns of this province have long been looking to the *Globe* for their ideas. Unfortunately they have sat like a lot of newly fledged robins with wide open mouths awaiting the tender morsel of instruction from Father Mowat. When we see a paper like the *Expositor*, financially sound and ably managed, breaking away from the old-fashioned and indefensible habit of defending everything that its government does, we have some hope that opinion will finally so crystallize itself that a newspaper shall be ashamed in the community in which it is issued if it does not tell, at least, that measure of truth which has forced itself upon the average thinker and upon the man of at least mediocre thought. The *Expositor* is pushing itself to the front, not by the width of its circulation or the vastness of the city in which it is published, but by the strength of the opinions it supports. The publishers of newspapers in small places often lament their failure to influence the conduct of a party, or to mould the issues presented to the electors on polling day, but they have themselves to blame because they are a looking-glass rather than a voice. The most sacred and most important history which has been given the world was begun by the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The most successful men in newspapers are those who, under the most trying circumstances, have endeavored to tell the truth when either a local or general crisis made them the centre of attraction and their sheet the reflection of at least local public events.

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Much trouble was caused by the removal of our sanitary officer, and when he retired the sympathy of the council made his return necessary. Vital statistics prove to us that the sanitation of Toronto is being improperly attended to. Our hospitals are crowded, and the citizens, especially the poor, are charged with the burden—whether it be of love or duty—of attending to more sick than for many years past. While we look to a city for sanitary rules and officers to enforce them, it must not be forgotten that each family must be prepared for inspection and purification on its own account. Otherwise all the by-laws and sanitary officers must be ineffectual. For instance when an officer knocks at the back door of a residence and asks the cook if the cellar is in good condition, of course she says "Yes." She may be afraid of losing her position, or having to do the necessary cleaning up if the officer is invited to inspect and give his opinion. Diphtheria and typhoid fever are alarmingly prevalent at present and in almost every instance where the infection has been detected filthy lanes, rows of uncleaned outhouses, the slops of tenements, and the filth of hundreds have been found accumulated. Cats and dogs, both of them prevalent to a disgusting extent in Toronto, carry disease from house to house, and those who welcome the unfortunate-looking kitten, which is supposed to bring luck, are often seeded down with disease. When one opens a civic subject the incapacity of those in charge is at once revealed, but the reasons for a continuance of the abuses cannot be discussed for family or other reasons, and they remain untouched. Ward aldermen cannot refuse to listen to the petitions of the attached few who lead and control the minor arrangements of their department.

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Sir Fred Middleton's letter to the people of Canada does not materially improve his position with regard to the offence of which he was convicted by Parliament. The whole letter is an attempt to palliate his offence and excuse himself by laying the blame on others. I imagine that those who read his letter will be more than ever convinced that he has acted neither discreetly nor honestly. One thing, however, has been proven—if General Middleton's statement is admitted as proof—that our Minister of Militia is thoroughly incompetent, partisan and petty. His telegram of June 12th, '85, saying to General Middleton:

"I should like you to bring back some souvenirs of your campaign for Sir John, Sir Hector and myself—leave to you to select whatever you consider of interest."

may mean that the General was to act as purchasing agent for the Minister of Militia, but the public will agree with General Middleton that it seemed at the time "to relate to anything captured from the rebels." Even if this were the meaning it does not excuse General Middleton, who claims to have forgotten Sir Adolphe Caron's request, though he did not forget himself and the officers near him.

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The charge against General Middleton, that he had forgotten to urge the decoration and promotion of the officers who served under him, seems to be disproven by the latter portion of Sir Fred's letter, and in this connection, as in the one previously mentioned, the Minister of Militia appears in anything but a favorable light. Those of us who remember how persistently the officers of the French-Canadian regiments defended their valor in the courts cannot but smile when we find that the General did not recommend them and could not obtain promotion or declorations for any of the deserving, because "he had not been able to include in the list for honors the names of the two officers commanding the French Canadian regiments." Taken altogether, Gen. Middleton's letter is not only a confession of his own mistakes, but a sweeping indictment against the entire management—then and now—of the Militia Department.

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Personally and politically I like the *Empire*, but I must protest against the idea that either citizens or partisans can be satisfied with the absolutely horrible editorial work on that paper. It is the worst in America, and makes people laugh. Frugality is a virtue, but as practiced on the editorial columns of the *Empire* it is a sin.

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I give, without comment, two letters I have received re some sketches of mine published some weeks ago. Oddly enough the articles in question have caused a great inflow of correspondence and but a portion of it can be printed. Will M. G. M. be kind enough either to call or send her name, as the article sent in, though able and moving, is too personal in its descriptions to be published without further knowledge of the circumstances:

DEAR DON,—Among the paragraphs of your two last Don talks, I have read so much that has a vital meaning, that I must say a word or two, with your permission. You know somebody says: "Never write unless you have something to say," and as I have something to say, perhaps I may come into your department and speak aloud. The marriage question—the obligation of wife and husband—has been the topic of some of your excellent work.

In your first sketch of a weary, slip-shod woman, bemoaning the wane or total eclipse of her husband's love, you seem inclined to blame the poor soul for not "sprucing up"—this not young—and by being bright and chipper, endeavoring to lure back the man who has forsaken her for a frivolous woman who amuses him for the time being by her very frivolity and emptiness. Perhaps the poor soul he has rejected is a thousand times more of a true woman, more of a help mate and more truly in love with him than would be this other creature if he had her. I do not wish to make the argument that the man is always at fault; but it seems to me that you demand so much more of the wife than you do of the husband, and so does the world, and that is where much of the trouble lies.

No. Some men would not be faithful to a woman, and that woman their wife, even though she had the judgment and eloquence of a Portia, the beauty of Cleopatra, the wit of a Rosalind and the passionate love of Juliet. The mere fact that she is his wife, that he possesses her, that she must be his for all time—as we measure time—is sufficient for this man to neglect, desert and maltreat this woman, whose power over him ended when her wedding veil was packed in camphor and her orange blossoms laid away! You say you are a bachelor man as the recipient (?) for confidences. This privilege is also mine, and you then must know, as I do, that it is not always because the woman does not keep herself fresh and smart through all her worries, that men grow neglectful and blunted. I have seen a veritable goddess of love treated like dirt by the man who promised to cherish her; and fear not, this woman found love elsewhere. She always can, and in most cases will. I know another, an intellectual, brilliant woman, whose lord, spite of arts and charms innumerable, drifted into the arms of a scarlet woman, and there revelled until after years, and when satiety came and all was Dead Sea fruit, he returned to find his wife still there, waiting for him and lovely and lovable as ever. She said to me: "Let a woman never despair. She can win a man back if she will." And that is very good, if she thinks that man worth winning back. But some women have neither the patience nor the desire to wait, and meantime make new lives for themselves. I sometimes believe the French proverb: "There is a magic in the word duty, some thing I know not what, which sustains magistrates, in flames warriors, and *cools* married people." No. I do not believe that duty makes us do any sweet things, as you say—it must be love. But as love is subject to growth, decline or change, the marriage question must still be a most delicate one to handle, and it is yet an open question whether the subject of your sketch could have held that man who drifted from her, even though she were not sad-eyed and neglectful of her personal advantages; though you are right, that a woman can surely never win a man back by making glum faces and going about down at the heel and old-fashioned. This Lord of Creation, man, is a skittish fellow, and mighty onearthly, and you will always discover there are three recipes for holding a husband, where there is one to hold a wife. Demand creates supply!

Your interested

LOUISE M.

In the States.

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TORONTO, Monday, August 4.

DEAR DON.—I always read with great interest the opening columns of SATURDAY NIGHT, and, together with hundreds of others, like your liberal and kindly way of writing about things practical and sentimental in our ordinary everyday life.

You have, as a general thing, such deep sympathy for the suffering and sadness in the lives and hearts of many who tread this lower earth that I was surprised to find you expressed no word of pity for the wretched woman of whose visit you gave us a description.

It was assuredly a most extraordinary thing for any woman to do and showed great want of refinement and delicacy, to call on an utter stranger and make complaint to him of the conduct of her own husband, and that too, in a case where no one in the wide world could make matters any better by interference, but very few women would have done such a thing and I, for one, would not think of defending her selfishness in placing our good hearted editor in such an uncomfortable (and, I must say, unique) position.

What I want to bring before your notice is the fact, probably unknown to you, that if she truly loved this husband the withdrawal of his affection would cause her the keenest and bitterest suffering possible to be borne. This is no foolish piece of sentimentalism, but a positive fact.

I cannot, myself, see how she managed to lose her husband's love if once it was here, but I can understand how quick by she would discover that he was no longer just the same to her, how she would notice the altered tone and look, and how piteously she would repeat the inquiry, "Do you love me?" in the hope of hearing some tone of tenderness and truth in the next reply. No matter at whose do or the blame should be laid, the sufferer is the one who sustains the loss.

No one who has not been through the painful experience can have the least idea of the blank desolation and despair, the nights of weeping followed by days of weakness and exhaustion, that is the lot of those who have lost all that made earth bright for them, who are struggling against the change they feel creeping over their whole nature, struggling against becoming bitter and selfish to others and praying for their own death and for the happiness of the man they love. For this reason, from want of knowledge, not from want of heart, people speak lightly, thoughtlessly, and often jestingly of girls who are going through the deepest phase of grief that can come to a woman's heart.

I have known, personally, two girls, one quite young, who died from a sorrow of this kind, who both kept up and went about as usual till nearly the last, who made supreme efforts to appear like themselves and hide all traces of suffering. One died within fifteen months and the other within two years, each from short illnesses, apparently, and few knew or guessed what cause had undermined such strong and hardy constitutions.

We do not all die when the warmth and bri. hness are taken from us. Many live on trying to appear cheerful, to be good to others, pretending to take an interest in what used to please us and longing to get away somewhere, anywhere, by ourselves, where no one can remark the change in us and where we can call around us those happ memories of the past and forget for a time, at least, that we are "in death" though in the midst of life.

It is generally believed that a woman can turn around and hate the man who has changed towards her—that is not true—no matter what her actions may prove to the contrary, he is twice as dear to her after her sorrow as he was before, she would not suffer if the opposite were true.

Do not imagine I think you are heartless or unge erous towards your visitor, far from it. I have only been trying to explain to you what few men can thoroughly and rstand and what I hope it is impossible for any man to experience.

This is, I am aware, a very indifferently worded letter, but I hope my meaning is clear and also my intention in writing you at all. Hoping you will take this as it is meant,

YOURS most cordially,

A CONSTANT READER.

DON.

BY THE SEA.

Social and Personal.

These are days when society in general is in an unpleasant state of unrest, for the time of the home-flight has almost come. The last gay days at seaside or mountain resort are shadowed by the disagreeable thoughts of the journey home and the unavoidable bother consequent. In these days too the gossamer gowns and flower-decked chapeaux show unmistakable signs of great favoritism and there is scarcely a woman with a heart above bonbons, who is not thinking with pure delight of her new fall hats. The scattering of families is so universal in July and August that some September days are almost Christmas-like for the way in which faces suddenly appear at the family tables. The parting is nevertheless often judicious, for conversation will not be lacking, hearts and minds are better for the rest or unwonted exertion and the great majority of returned travelers will settle down to the serious business of work or play with freshly strung nerves and rested eyes.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson have returned to Chestnut Park.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clarke left on Saturday of last week for St. John and St. Andrew, N. B.

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One of the jolliest dinner parties given in Toronto for many a long day was that given by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club to the visiting yachtsmen on Friday evening of last week. After the excitement of the regatta everybody was in the proper frame of mind and body to enjoy the right royal hospitality provided. The American visitors voted it the pleasantest affair of the kind they had ever enjoyed.

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The Lake Yacht Racing Association held its annual regatta at Cobourg on the Lake on Monday, August 18. There was a good stiff breeze so that the race was quick and very close, many yachts passing the last buoy almost together. Mr. George Gooderham very kindly placed his steam yacht at the disposal of the ladies and gentlemen who were anxious to see the race. Amongst those on board I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Ladd of Galveston, Mrs. Campau, Mrs. Fred Sibly, Miss Wight, Mrs. and the Misses Whitelaw of Detroit, Mrs. Douglas Armour of Toronto, the Misses Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hargraff, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hargraff, Mr. and Mrs. MacNaughton and several other Cobourg ladies and gentlemen. In the evening the yachtsmen were entertained by a ball in the Victoria Opera House, which was gotten up by a few of the townspeople. The lady patronesses were Mesdames Clark, Gifford, James Crowther, Dennis and Douglas Armour. The hall was beautiful decorated and with Corlett's band from Toronto every one was delighted. Port Hope was well represented. About 200 were present and it was the general opinion that never was a more successful ball given in Cobourg.

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Mr. George B. Sweetnam left on Monday last for Indianapolis, Ind., to attend the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Miss Alice Sweetnam accompanied him.

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Mrs. D. E. Cameron gave a very pleasing At Home at her pretty Island residence, Laketon Cottage, on Tuesday evening. Among those present were the following: Mrs. and Miss Francis, Miss Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Gibbs, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Miss Birdie Hope, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Ernest Macrae, Mr. J. T. Craig, Mr. H. R. Boulton, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. W. Herbert Ketchum, Mr. Cluff, Mr. Wilson, Mr. W. T. McMillan, Mr. Philip DuMoulin, Mr. Fred Meagher, Mr. Augustus Heward.

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Miss Lily McMillan of Oshawa is spending part of the summer with her friend Miss Ethel Clark at Lanorale, Sarnia, the family residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Clark.

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Miss Maude Little and Mrs. R. S. David of Allandale and her two children have been paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. Geo. Furniss of Spadina avenue. Mr. David was in town over Sunday.

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Mrs. S. Campbell of Cornamona and Mrs. Way of Church street have returned after a delightful trip to Kingston, Alexandria Bay and Montreal.

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Miss Isabel Kelso of Long Branch has gone to spend a few weeks in Peterboro'. She will also visit the lakes, where she will be the guest of Miss Maud Bradburn, Boschink Island.

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On Saturday, August 9, at the Port Sandfield hotel, Mr. Eddie Rutherford of Toronto promoted the first German in that locality, which was an unqualified success. Sixteen couples took part, led by Miss Gillard. The figures were the Fishing figure, which was the most amusing, the Flower figure, Three Favors, Ribbon and Tarlton figures. The ladies were dressed in white and the gentlemen in tennis costume. A second German took place last Saturday evening, the favors, which were numerous and unique, were procured in Toronto by Mr. Rutherford, who displayed great tact in the management of the entertainment. Among those who took part were Mr. J. A. McAndrew, Mrs. C. Smith, Miss L. Gale, Miss Edie Morrison, Miss Eakin, Miss Eyre, Miss Macdonald, Miss Bond, Miss Edgar, Miss Capon, Miss Kate McDermaid, Miss Gardiner, Miss Jennie McDermaid, Messrs. Robinson, Marks, Cane, Gillard, Carrell, Ince, Morrison, Thompson, Capon, Hass, McPhillips, Burns, Lee, Smith. Miss Tackaberry and Miss Hirschfelder kindly provided the music. Many of the party returned to Toronto this week. Among the most beautiful spots farther up the lake are Macassa Point, where Mr. C. H. Murdoch and family are summering and Murray's Island, opposite. The latter is occupied this season by Mr. F. C. Usher and family, with several invited guests—Miss Scott of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Usher of Hamilton and Ingersoll, Miss Fahey, Mr. F. Stanton, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

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Miss Helen Gregory has arranged to depart for Japan in time to see and write up the first congress of the Japanese republic for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and a syndicate of papers.

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Miss Edith O'Byrne, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. J. P. O'Byrne, arrived home from London on Wednesday last to attend the reception of her sister, Miss Gertie, into St. Joseph's Convent.

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Few articles have attracted more attention than Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' recent paper in the *Forum* on the dress and behavior of our modern society young women. She seems to have taken the extreme cases, which, on account of their being extreme cases, have obtained most publicity, and she sends up a cry of horror at the decadence of morality in present day society. Upon this "cry of horror" the New York *Sun* comments as follows: "Undoubtedly they know exactly what they are doing and why they are doing it, and they are not mad, either. They are simply making the most of their physical attractions to the extent allowed by the conventions of society, as it is in their nature to do, and as women have always done under the permission of custom. The ball-room dress of this period is about the same as it has been for centuries, so far as exposure goes. Mrs. Ward has only to study the fashion-plates of the past to verify this statement. It was not worn in New England villages, was unknown in the Puritan society of Boston, but it was almost obligatory on the world of fashion. The reason why she discovers it now as a shocking novelty is that the gay world and its customs have greatly extended in our day, so that the historical ball-room costume is now brought to her provincial eyes. The dress of the ballet, too, is purely conventional, and if the petticoats have been shortened during the last generation, or since Fanny Elssler's days, it has not been at any sacrifice of modesty, for the longer dress may be more immodest. Modesty and immodesty are in the dance or the dancer, if they be present at all, not in the costume. If young girls look on unabashed, it is not because of the impurity of their minds, but because the suggestion of evil does not come to them from the conventional dress. For the same reason, habit and custom prevent ball-room usages from afflicting them as they afflict Mrs. Ward, accustomed only to the high gowns and restrained manners of the village tea-party. Yet there is something worth serious consideration in what she says, more particularly as to the laxity of speech used and tolerated in polite society of this period. We were once provincial in our squeamishness in that respect, but there is such a thing as going too far in the opposite direction. It is also true that more American ladies drink wine than formerly, though the young man who told Mrs. Ward that they are often intoxicated at balls presumed on her ignorance and innocence."

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Toronto is well represented at Big Bay Point, Barrie. Following is a list of guests at the Robinson House: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stinson, Loverne Stinson, Russell Stinson, Miss Aitken, Miss Ella Talbot, Miss E. Eden, Mrs. J. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis and family, Miss M. Allward, Messrs. C. Bond, E. M. Clapp, W. E. Kelley, Q.C., Mr. J. A. Whittaker and family, Mr. J. Coulter and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Warren, Mr. Fred C. Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Irwin, Mr. F. N. Hartry, Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin and family, Messrs. Alfred C. Irwin, J. B. Hammett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Brien, Mrs. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Howarth, Misses Florence and Eva Howarth, Messrs. Robert E. Strong, Fred N. Moran, E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lewis, Mr. John Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Macdonald and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Whitworth, Mr. T. H. Cramp, Mr. A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes, Miss Lowndes, Misses F. E. Lowndes, C. B. Lowndes, J. M. Lowndes, Messrs. Fred H. Gray, W. B. Donaldson, Herbert E. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bostwick, Mrs. and Miss Gill, Mr. William Barker, Misses H. N. and Grace Comfort, Rev. W. A. Rodwell, Ald. F. Moses, Messrs. A. Featherstonhaugh, R. H. T. Gilmour, George Moses, William Moses, B. E. Millmer, M.D., Mrs. J. G. Holmes, Miss Rose Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, Miss Clapp, Miss N. Moses, Mrs. Blanchard, Miss Clappison, all of Toronto; Mr. W. Bogart and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Playter of Newmarket, Mr. George Worthington of Uxbridge, Mr. J. H. Moncaster of Wherster, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutherland of Newmarket, Mr. Haughton Lennox of Beckwood, Mrs. J. Russell and Miss Maud Russell of Saginaw, Mich., Misses T. Lee and Eva Lee of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Howard of Newmarket.

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This is Max O'Rell's idea of "the type of ideal beauty:" Take the hair of a Hindoo, the nose of a Greek, the mouth of the English, the complexion of a German, the height of a Norwegian, the feet of a Chinese woman, the teeth of an African, the arm of a Belgian, the leg of an Italian girl, the eye of a Spaniard, the grace of a French woman.

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The most enjoyable of the many enjoyable Muskoka hops was held at Clevelands, Muskoka, on Tuesday, the 12th August. The spacious dining room was turned into a ball room and most tastefully decorated by the lady and gentlemen guests of the hotel in evergreens and flags, while the front of the hotel was hung with Chinese lanterns which had a most pleasing effect from the water and shed a soft radiance on the many present. Shortly after eight o'clock boats could be seen heading for Clevelands, and when dancing commenced at nine o'clock there were about 125 guests present. Refreshments were served at half-past ten o'clock, after which dancing was resumed till twelve o'clock, when, after giving three cheers for the genial host and hostess, the proceedings were brought to a close. A huge bonfire was lighted on the beach to guide the departing guests to their several islands after spending a most pleasant and enjoyable evening. Among the guests of the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Maulson, the Misses Hillary, Mrs. W. F. Green, the Misses and Mr. Mars. Green, Miss Maulson, Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh, Mrs. J. Davison, Mrs. McAree, Miss Malone, Miss Grassick, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. R. Green. Among the visiting guests were Mrs. H. St. George Baldwin and party, Mrs. Usher and party, Miss Fahey, Mr. and Mrs. Carter and party, Mrs. Blachford and party, the Misses Suter. The guests of the Paignton House, the Misses Smith and Messrs. Stovel.

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A Washington correspondent writes to inform us that Mrs. Harrison is shocked. Her nephew has gone into the theatrical business, and she has consequently closed the door against all that branch of the family and stopped all communication therewith. This goes to show that in Mrs. Harrison's order of respectabilities journalism stands away above play acting. A well known newspaper correspondent is married to Mrs. Harrison's niece. Until recently both he and his wife were not only welcome visitors at the White House, but were favorites with Mrs. Harrison, who used to drive around and call on them quite frequently. Now, however, all is changed. Mrs. Harrison learned some time ago that the young journalist had purchased an interest in a new farce-comedy and was actively engaged in preparing it for the stage. His wife when questioned about it did not deny that her husband had gone into the venture, whereupon Mrs. Harrison said it would be necessary to put a stop at once to all social relations between the two families; play actors and their associates could not be allowed to mingle with the family of the President of the United States. So the niece and nephew and the Harrisons are out. Baby Grand-niece and Baby McKee are not to toddle about the White House together any more.

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The Toronto Division, No. 2, Knights of Pythias, give a moonlight excursion on the Mayflower next Wednesday evening.

Center Island Notes.

The annual sports of the Amateur Aquatic Association held at Center Island last Saturday were a great success. The water around the course presented a lively appearance, being dotted with small craft of every description, while the grand stand and barges were filled with crowds of interested spectators. Among those present I noticed Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Small, Miss Yarker, Mrs. Ireland, the Misses Todd, Mr. Pauw, the Misses Meredith, the Misses Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Latham B. Swift, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Miss Pringle of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss May Frances, Miss Bartlett, Miss Watson, the Misses Dixon, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Kertland, Miss Nellie Parsons and Messrs. Boulton, McNaughten, Grant Stewart, Osborne Brocke, Harry Jarvis and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gibbs gave a dance on Saturday night. A most enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Ethel Hardy has been the guest of Miss Frances for the past three weeks.

Miss Poppy Dixon has left the Island on a visit to one of the fashionable summer resorts.

Among the guests at Mrs. Mead's hotel are: Dr. and Mrs. Sheard, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Signor and Madame D'Auria.

Miss Nellie Macdonald has been the guest of Mrs. Latham B. Swift for the past four weeks.

Among the latest arrivals at Centre Island are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dennis.

Mr. Wilson of the Molson's Bank is summering at the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. R. Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan have houses at this favorite resort.

The closing hop of the Island season will be given next Wednesday evening at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Kaiser William and Bismarck.

An English M. P. who has just visited Germany, and had special opportunities of ascertaining the popular feeling towards the German Emperor, writes:

When I visited Germany last year, the quiet and most peaceable of the German legislators and leaders of public opinion were very reserved in giving their opinion of the young German Emperor. It was believed on all sides that he was dashing, reckless, and fond of war. This view is entirely changed, and with his many reforms he has not made a single mistake. A well known German legislator on the Rhine said to me that the people are greatly relieved because Bismarck has gone, and the affairs of the nation are being pushed forward vigorously, but in the interests of peace.

"Bismarck," he says, "is making a great mistake in showing ill-temper and granting interviews to the newspapers, a thing he would not permit another retired statesman to do if he were still Chancellor of the Empire. He professes friendship for the Emperor, but the Emperor knows how bitter he is, and how much he is doing and saying to prove that Germany is not getting on well without him. The other day he denounced the giving up of great possessions in Africa for Heligoland, which latter, he says, he could have got for nothing. Bismarck retired with a great name, but people will forget his services if he continues to try to stir up people against the Emperor."

"How do you account for the Emperor's popularity?" I asked.

"Well," replied my German friend, "the poor country people were frightened when he came into power. They thought he wanted war. He has shown a great desire for peace with England and Russia. He is now friendly with his mother, and the people understand him. He shows himself their friend. He is also a great friend to the soldier. I can give you proofs of this. In Bismarck's time it was difficult to get promotion in the army unless you were a relation of a prince or some one of title, for they worship titles here. Since the Emperor came into power he has changed all this, and over and over again good military men, but unknown, have been raised to high promotion. He also makes the officers work hard and do their duty. I dare say you have heard the story about his visit to the military school in Berlin. Every officer in turn has to give lessons on some subject to the soldiers from half-past six to half-past seven every morning. The Emperor went one morning at half-past six, but found the officer had not arrived. He at once took up the work and gave the lessons. At seven o'clock the officer arrived, and the Emperor gave over his work and quietly said 'good morning' on leaving. The officer expected to be dismissed and was kept a fortnight in suspense. At the end of that time he received a present from the Emperor. It was an alarm clock!

"Then the Emperor is good to the people. Before Bismarck left it was difficult for a poor person to approach the Emperor with a petition. Now it is easy, and the Emperor goes among the workpeople and ascertains for himself if they are satisfied with their wages and whether anything can be done to improve their position. His visit to Krupp's great gun-works, and his thoroughly earnest discussions with the workmen there, gave the greatest satisfaction throughout Germany, although the men said that they had no cause for complaint.

"His self denial is also talked of. He allows himself no rest from the hour of his rising at five every morning to the hour of his going to bed at half past ten in the evening. He takes a special interest in his young sons' education, and would not allow one of them to have a nice parrot which the boy had seen in the market, and wished to teach to talk. 'It will waste so much valuable time uselessly,' was the Emperor's reason for refusing the request."

How to Tell a Woman's Age

To tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, despite the fact that many brilliant ladies have set off a few stories of their years without detection.

If art had not come to their rescue and replaced to a certain extent the charms of youth any fellow could tell within a year or two, but art has come to the rescue, wrinkles have been flattened or fissures puttied, eyes belladonnaed and cheeks tinted.

Of course you cannot take a rake and scrape off these fixings. Neither can you always get close enough to peep beneath the cosmetic crust. What is a fellow to do then?

Well, granted that a woman who has just crossed the storm line, got under the shade of artistic embellishments, and keeps admirers at a maidenly distance, there is only one sure way to analyze the chemistry of time's decomposition.

Observe well her hair.

Her bangs?

No; her back hair.

Now, don't say it is false. False or real, you can count her years by the threads time weaves. Every year adds a hair or two, and, no, doubt, if a woman lived long enough she would become a female Esau.

At twenty-five a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar and twinkle over a picket fence. Note well the direction of the hair. Hair slants, and at thirty it takes an angle of fifty, at thirty-five sixty, and so on.

Of course you can't get near enough to apply a mathematic tape measure; but your practiced eye will be enough.

Next note the quality. Hair at twenty-five is moire; at thirty it is satine; at thirty-five it is passe satinette; at forty it it rope, fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes. But all the same both the hair and the woman may be prettier at forty than they were at twenty.

Anybody can tell false or store hair, no matter who the previous owner was. It has a don't belong there look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenure of office.—*Epoch.*

An Ovation.

There is one point in which city and country people differ greatly. A city man never speaks to a passer-by unless he be an acquaintance, while in the rural districts one meets so few people on the roads that it is the custom to accost every passenger. Most country people leave the rural habit home when they visit the city, but this morning the delegate was accosted by a sunburned stranger who smiled warmly and extended his hand in a friendly manner. As the delegate once lived in the country, he understood the old farmer and returned the greeting.

"Bgosh!" said Rusticus, "the folk of this here town are the friendliest I ever saw. I never was in town before, and they just treat me great."

The delegate seconded the remark and went his way, while the farmer started down Vine street speaking to everybody he met and hailing every driver on the street. Several cable cars stopped at his greetings, and he rushed out and gave the grippman a warm hand-shake, replying to their invitation to jump on:

"No, thanks; I'd ruther walk; I ain't goin' fur."

People began to "catch on," and when last seen the venerable son of the soil was vending his way along Fountain square and receiving a perfect ovation.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Ring and the Bull.

Two or three years ago the Earl of Dalhousie went to visit New Zealand. The government put him, as it does most distinguished strangers," in charge of competent "bear-leaders" in different parts of the colony, and he was taken round and "shown things."

In the district of Otago his "bear-leader" was a Mr. Brydone, a leading citizen in all matters of farm work, a shining light in stud sheep, prize cattle, or thoroughbred horses. Mr. Brydone naturally desired to show Lord Dalhousie one of the finest farms, and, for the purpose, telegraphed to Mr. Menlove, a famous stock-breeder, that on a certain day he should visit his place with the Earl of Dalhousie. Menlove happened to be away.

Mrs. Menlove opened the telegram, and, in the innocence of her heart, knowing that prize-bulls are often twenty-fourth Earl of this or sixteenth Duke of the other, instead of sending the carriage to the station for two distinguished guests, sent down a man with a rope and a ring. Tableau at station!

"Please, sur, I'm here—where's the bull?"

A Banquet Under Water.

The work of deepening the harbor of Clotat has just been completed. On this occasion the contractor, Mr. Robert, invited the prefect and the chief of his staff to a lunch which was quite out of the ordinary line.

The table was laid out at a depth of twenty-six feet below the sea-level, on the very bottom of the harbor, inside the *caisson*, or coffer-dam, in which the excavators had been working, and the light of this *caisson* alone divided them from the enormous mass of water extending above and around them.

This novel dining-room was splendidly lighted and decorated, and but for the slight ringing in their ears occasioned by the pressure of several atmospheres maintained in the *caisson* to prevent the influx of the water, the guests would have been far from suspecting that the slightest stoppage in the working of the air-pump would have consigned them to instant destruction. After the banquet, an improvised concert carried the festivities a long way into the afternoon, when the guests returned to the open air.

Fun By the Sea.

Frenchman—Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room.

Landlady—Oh, you know we at the water-ling places must make hay while the sun shines.

Frenchman (indignantly)—Be gar, madame, you sail nevare make ze hay of me! You must not zink zat because all grass is flesh, zat you can make hay of me!

He Still Loved Her.

"I don't know what's come to you, Arthur," sobbed Mrs. Pitcher, at the breakfast table the other morning; "you don't seem to care a bit about me; you don't even speak to me as affectionately as you used to do."

"Oh, don't! I! Ceased to love you, eh! What confounded disgusted fool you must think I am! You know d——d well I love you better than my life. Now shut up; I want to read the paper."

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Customer—Seems to me that razor is rather dull.

Barber—Mought be, sah. It was to a pahty las' night, sah.

Equivocal Testimony.

"My dear friend, have you read my last novel?"

"Yes."

"How did you like it?"

"I laid down the volume with the intensest pleasure."

Boudoir Gossip.

We are very sensitive as to the state of the barometer of good temper, very susceptible to changes in the atmospheric pressure induced by conversation. When disagreeable thoughts have been blowing about they leave a trail of frigidity behind them. We may not hear the gale, but surely we can sniff it in the air. With children, "Hello! What's your name? How old is your mother? When are your new shoes coming home?" is a fair sample of conversation, enlivened, perhaps, by the soulful intimation that "Tommy Brown's sister has a bald-headed beau."

Bless the youngsters, their little heads are like sieves and they are lacking in wordly wisdom. We excuse them for inquisitiveness and babbling, but grown people deserve little consideration when they make free with the personalities of others. I like the dignity of the man who replied with twinkling eyes, "I cannot see how it could interest you," to the impertinent query, "How much money do you make?"

In life we need charity most of all, and in tattling no element of the sweet virtue could dream of lurking. I can fancy the letters of the word so rebelling at being called upon to dignify the scandal-monger that they would run riot and refuse to spell the sweet old word, the spirit of which we must earnestly cultivate if we would understand others and in dealing in just lenience with them bless ourselves by the exercise of the charity.

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A recent reference was made not long since with regard to a school girl's "pink and white nonsense, about making the world better." Papers have caught up the flippant phrase, and I heard one man read it aloud with meaning emphasis. If it is pink and white nonsense, more nonsense should be garbed in the dainty tints. Every little helps. We cannot change the world for good or evil, but when the wrong is so frightful in the rapidity of forward movement and growing strength, why should not the right, with earnest hearts and powerful numbers behind it, be stronger than the scornful "pink and white" phrase would have us believe.

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What impressionable creatures we are! The bounding, swirling tide of a wind-tossed lake awakens a gleeful sensation of unrest and a reaching out. Our pulses throb, and our hearts leap in quickened motion. In direct opposition, a slow-creeping stream stirs no joyous feeling. We ponder solemn things when the silent and grave movement has thrust itself upon our hearts. All through life it is thus. The quick, the light, the merry flings a gauzy veil of glamour over our eyes and we trip to the bewitching measure, and we dream and dwell among lowered lights if the tune of the march be changed to a dirge.

Slowness nearly always means sadness. Darkness brings an uncanny sensation of fear. We shrink from decline of beauty or strength. The crisping of the autumn leaves and the rusting of the fern fronds awaken only a half-dread, inexplicable but very real.

Desolation saddens us. We have all felt it. Perhaps it comes more slowly when the effect is widespread, for we pity others in proportion to the loneliness we feel.

I stood last week in an old quartz mill. Long ago hopes ran high for the owners of the worked-out mine. Expectations centered about that barren, rocky shore. Money oiled the wheels of science, and the task of bewitching Mother Earth to yield her much-prized wealth was well begun. To-day a pile of glittering white quartz, seldom disturbed save by the feet of eager tourists, a dilapidated mill and a handful of ramshackle untenanted houses are the only monuments to buried hopes. The hand of destruction has scattered ruin and loneliness over the forsaken place, and the yawning darkness of the unpeopled doorways seemed to echo the moan of the small, curling, crested waves which lapped a hideous green metallic sediment from the storm-eaten rocks by the shore.

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I often wonder if the very proper people can worry enough pleasure out of their approving consciences to pay for the scratching of the starch of dignity. It must hurt some to so mortify the flesh, to crush down the cries of a happy, healthy life and do all things after the pattern left by Mrs. Grundy. How some of her bounds do constrict one. Often they are ramshackle ones, for they give in such unexpected places. She is a tyrant in some respects, and an unworthy teacher. She restricts unmarried women and bestows unneedful favors upon the silliest child-woman who can prefix Mrs. to her name.

Well, bless her heart, she is some good, but then consider she talked her poor husband to death in the long ago touchingly referred to as "once upon a time."

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Did anyone ever cast his eyes upon a maiden over thirty, who tried to be artless in her manner, without stifling a wicked feeling of revenge in the minutes immediately succeeding? How she prattles, bless her innocent heart! The dear little gushing girlie, with her new false front and badly fitting teeth, wears a simper which is the worst part of a laugh she used in girlhood. Women can be pleasant companions when they are old, but they must consent to put away their youthful manner, and allow the years to change them, not for the worse, but only to perfect them. In the dignity and grace of her fuller womanhood the maiden lady may be queenly, kindly and blessed, but the kittenish ways and saucy glances are not for her. They sailed away along with the gilding of her dream-land treasures, when youth bade her good-bye at the forks of the river which she reached on the day she numbered her years as ——?

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Someone recommends for sunburn an application of the thoroughly beaten albumen of an egg. It is applied with a bit of lint, and allowed to dry on for a few moments, being afterwards washed off with tepid water.

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Dame Fashion has spoken positively with regard to plain veils. She does not countenance spotted ones, and yet her otherwise-obedient children digress from her law and hold to marvellously-dotted veils. The secret is this, bend low, while I whisper—the dots lend a freshness, fairness and smoothness of the complex'on, while the plain net is a disillusion, emphasizing each imperfection and playing cruel tricks on muddy, sallow or sun-tortured faces.

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The prettiness of the low neck-bands is an excuse for their being, and the full white throat or the well-shaped one of slimmer build are alike beautiful when rising unrestricted from billowy lace, but the sudden change from the often high collar of tailor-made gowns to the almost decollete neck-dressing for house wear is not a style calculated to improve the state of one's health or the complexion of one's nasal organ.

CLIP CAREW.

To a Butterfly.

For Saturday Night.

Thou frailest of all fragile things
That flutterest before me,
Unfold thy lovely, leaf-like wings
And listen to my story.

'Tis sweet to see thee wend thy way
Through forest, field and bower,
Bright glancing in the sunny haze,
Like some celestial flower.

Know'st thou thy wanton, wave-like flight
Portrays the wild commotion,
The restless beauties and the lights
That issue from the ocean?

And ske that ev'ry rippling crest,
From which bright sparkles vanish,
Sings Mariposa—sea and rest—
Thy name in tuneful Spanish.

Therefore no aimless flight is thine,
Poor, slander'd, slighted creature,
Of turbid care and peace divine
Thou art the faithful preacher.

Why should I point to yonder ant
And thee likewise grovel,
And leave thy son, thy flow'r, thy plant
To build an earthly hovel?

Doth yonder silv'ry sheen that paves
The ocean looking sunward,
Need penetrate yon deep, dark waves,
Or flash its glories downward?

Nay! though the floods be black as night,
Below for many a fathom,
You silv'ry butterflies of light
Can flutter them to heaven.

So when Eterr al Light absorbs
Time's oceanic troubles,
Life's heaving cares and surging sobs
Will dwindle into bubbles.

Thou art the darling of the light;
The heavens are before thee.
Come, Butterfly, resume thy flight!
For I have told my story.

Unfold! thou spirit of a worm,
Unfold thy leaf-like pinions!
I would that my immortal germ
Were sweeping light's dominions!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

A Camp Fire Fish Story.

About the first of last September a camp fire burned brightly on the north shore of Lake Superior, at a point a few miles west of Pigeon River. Every evening three of my friends and I sat around the fire to smoke after-supper pipes. When the pipes were glowing, the incidents of the day's hunting were lovingly dwelt upon, and hunting and fishing stories were told. One night, when I had returned to camp from the dark, clear waters of Lake Superior without the "whales" that I had boastfully alleged I would catch, one of my comrades, whose hair was white and whose form was slightly bent with age, looked through keen black eyes at me, and then looked beyond me at the past, and he smiled pleasantly at scenes which he conjured up.

"Frank," he said, "you can handle a double-barrelled shotgun fairly well for one of your age, and you can catch black bass and brook trout when they are hungry. But you do not possess knowledge of lake trout nor do you know how to catch them. I'll tell you a story, and then I hope that you will realize that to catch lake trout requires intelligence as well as bait," and he added, rather savagely for so aged and usually good-natured a sportsman, "and, my boy, bull-head luck don't count in lake-trout fishing."

He said: "When I was a young man (he is over seventy) I spent a season in prospecting for copper mines on the south shore of Lake Superior. With me was a middle-aged Indian who had spent his life in hunting and fishing and loafing in the forests and on the waters of the lake region. He knew the wilderness thoroughly. He knew where the deer and the moose lived. He knew in which lake the wild waterfowl could be found, and he knew where trout, pickerel and black bass lurked in dark, cold water. He possessed a desirable knowledge relative to the region. One night when we sat by the camp fire the Indian was in a talkative, confidential mood. He said: 'In that lake,' indicating Lake Superior with a backward toss of his head, 'are very large trout. About three miles from here there is a reef in the lake where the water is not over fifty feet deep. The trout gather on this reef in large numbers. They are always there, but they will not take the hook excepting in certain seasons. If you could catch one of these fish you would never again eat a pickerel.' Then he told of catching trout on this reef that were from three to four feet long and that must have weighed from twenty to thirty pounds. Of course I wanted to catch and eat one of these fish. The next day he paddled me to the reef. I fished for hours but caught nothing. That night I thought out a plan. The next morning I sent to the settlements for supplies, and in the list of articles needed was a fish globe, and I wrote to my agent to be sure to send me the globe. In due time the globe arrived. I filled it with water, caught a few minnows, and put them in it. Then I tied a piece of cloth over its neck, first pulling out one-half the threads so that water could flow in and out. I tied a short rope to the shank of the globe, and a heavy fish line around its neck. To the lower end of the short rope I tied a heavy stone for an anchor. I put a short, dry log in the canoe and was ready to set my bait. The Indian watched my preparations with silent scorn. Catch lake trout with a glass jar! The scheme was too absurd to be worthy of a warrior's consideration. He savaged half a dozen opinions of me before. But now I had lost all caste. He reluctantly paddled me and my childish traps to the reef. He grunted, pig like, when I spoke to him. Words were not to be wasted on such as I. Arrived over the reef I carefully lowered the stone anchor and the minnow-charged jar, where the stone struck bottom and pulled the line taut and tied it to the little log which I had thrown overboard, and which was sufficiently buoyant to support the globe that was suspended in the water about four feet from the bottom. I believed that the lake trout would see the minnows, that they would try to catch them, that their repeated failures would make them ravenous, that they would actually rub their noses against the glass until they became sore, and that, when I was ready to fish, they would be keen to bite. I laughed when I had the bait fixed to my satisfaction, and the Indian looked at me through keen eyes, as though he thought I had finally gone crazy.

"I did not visit the reef for two days. Then I said: 'Come, Henry, we will go catch some trout.' I took my lines and a pail of minnows for bait, and bade the Indian get the canoe ready. He reluctantly obeyed. Arrived at the buoy, I baited a hook and dropped the line. I felt the sinker strike the bottom, and then I felt a mighty tug on the line. The fish dashed for the deep water. The Indian knew that I had hooked a fish just as quickly as I did, and he thrust his paddle in the water and we followed the fish so as to get away from the buoy line. Then I pulled the fish in. No article playing with an eight-ounce rod, but just heavy handover-hand pulling. That fish weighed twenty pounds. The Indian's eyes blazed with excitement. He struck his open mouth with open palm to express his astonishment and quickly paddled me to the buoy. Again I dropped the line. Again the bait was instantly grabbed and the eager fish darted off. We followed till beyond danger of entanglement with the buoy line, when the fish was pulled into the canoe.

The fish were as twins. Two were sufficient to supply my party with food and I refused to catch more, much to the disappointment of the Indian, who wanted to load the canoe. Every other day after that the Indian—now most respectful in his manner and speech—and I caught from two to three trout. They were the best fish I have ever eaten.

"When I left the region, not having found a copper mine, the Indian begged for the globe, saying: 'Give it to me. I will cache it in the forest. When I want trout I will set it and catch them. No other Indian who lives on the shores of the great lakes can catch these trout out of season. I will be a great man, and may be I will become a chief. At any rate I will be strong medicine.' So I gave the globe to him and left one happy savage in the north woods."

I considered that a good story and a true story, and I resolved to imitate my aged comrade. So, on the following morning I rigged up a glass sugar bowl, filled it with minnows and anchored it in the lake, and the next day I fished there and never got a bite. I hauled in my bowl and rowed to shore and said nothing about my failure, but I silently denounced my aged comrade as one who exaggerated the successes of his youth.

Had to Tear Himself Away.

"I had hoped, darling, that as your husband I might live and die happy, but now it cannot be. To-night we must part and part forever. You will never see me again. I am going far, far away.

"Now, you frighten me, Edward; do not talk thus. What should part us?"

"Ha! ha!" he laughed bitterly and smiting his forehead, "Would it were not so. But all regrets are vain. We part to-night forever."

"Oh, Edward! Why, why?"

"Simply because the boss has engaged an expert to start to-morrow on examining the books."

A Quiet Answer, Etc.

On one occasion in the American Congress an orator was inveighing against an opponent most vehemently. Pointing to the offending man, he said in withering scorn:

"There he sits, mute, silent and dumb.'

"Yes," remarked a neighbor amidst the silence which followed this crushing arraignment, "and he ain't saying a word."

That brought down the house.

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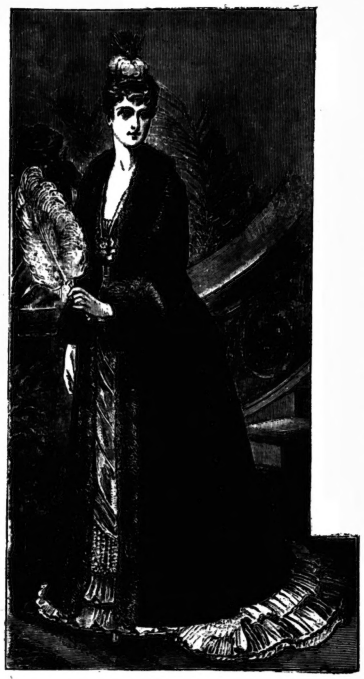

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JOHN JACKSON'S VENTURE;

And How He Brought Beauty Home to Smith's Hollow.

BY THOMAS A. GREGG.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

MR. JONES, the great impresario of manufactures whom rumor said wrote his bank account in seven figures, had just pulled down the revolving top of his elegant desk and was stretching himself preparatory to going home for the day, when a knock came to the door, and without any other announcement a tall, rather awkward-looking young man, with an unmistakable air of rusticity about him, entered the office. In one hand he carried a heavy valise, and with the other he removed his hat as he faced Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones looked at him inquiringly. There was something attractive, something "taking," in his look. "There is genius in that eye, there is force in that nose and there's character in that chin," he instantly said to himself, for he was a student of men. Jones called this "sizin' em up," and he was usually pretty accurate in his estimate.

"If it's work you want, you'd better see my foreman."

The young man was nervous. He set his valise carefully on the floor. The frigidity of Mr. Jones' manner confused him. "I am not in search of work. I have an invention here—"

Mr. Jones yawned. Then he looked the young man over again.

"The woods," said Mr. Jones, "the great and mystic woods are full of them." And then severely, "I haven't time to bother with inventions. All the world's invented and wasting its time over what doesn't concern it. We are loaded up with models that won't work and wouldn't be worth anything if they did," and Mr. Jones leaned superciliously back.

The pale faced young man with the long black hair and bucolic aspect was duly impressed with Mr. Jones' importance, but he startled that gentleman by saying somewhat sharply:

"But, sir, my model will work, and when it works it will be worth as much as this whole establishment."

Whereat Mr. Jones jumped up, cleared a space on a table with a sweep of his hand, cried: "Put it there and I'll tell you in a minute if it is any good," and sat proudly off, waiting to hurl his condemnation at the model. But he didn't.

With trembling fingers John Jackson of Smith's Hollow opened his valise and tenderly placed his model on the table. Then he adjusted the parts and with a crank which he worked with his fingers he set the whole in motion, explaining to Mr. Jones as he went along. Mr. Jones immediately ran to several speaking tubes, set sundry bells in motion and paced excitedly up and down. Then a middle-aged man in a blouse came in, "Robinson," cried Jones, "I've got what I wanted at last." Then others came, master mechanics from the different shops, and regarded with surprise and satisfaction the curious machine of the lank countryman. Mr. Jones walked round the group, rubbing his hands and chuckling with delight. Jones was a man of action, and as soon as his experts had seen the machine and the adaptability of it he hustled them back to their work and was alone again with John. "Is this your own invention, is there anything like it, and is it protected?" he exclaimed, jizzing John by the hand, and in answer John

JOHN SEARCHED IN HIS POCKET AND LAID A CAVEAT ON THE TABLE.

disengaged his hand, searched in his pocket and laid a caveat, duly attested, on the table.

That afternoon the model was locked securely in Mr. Jones' safe, and Mr. Jackson was abroad with a certified check for five thousand dollars in his pocket and more, much more, to come.

Mr. Jones had not been slow to speak of his purchase, and when Mr. Jones spoke well of anyone it was as the tramps blast of Joshua. In a few days John Jackson was famous as an inventor, and as he drove through the streets in his brother Robert's carriage it flattered the pride of that individual to think that his brother had grown so great, for Robert courted distinction even if it was reflected from others, and to make the most of a rare opportunity he decided to hold a grand reception in John's honor, at which he would present the latter to the great ones or as many of them as should come to share his hospitality. When the eventful night came the house was a blaze of lights, and what with the decorations, flowers, palms and foliage the interior of it was a bower of beauty such as John had never seen before. There was to be dancing and a band of foreigners, for we affect that which is foreign and patronize it, and care nothing for that which is "to the manor born," was in attendance to whirl the young away in dreamy dances, and ample provision was made throughout the mansion to entertain those whom age or dignity put above such frivolities.

In the crush of the ladies' dressing-room there came together Miss Madge Darling, Miss Chalmers and Miss Smithson with the usual embraces.

"Who is this great inventor we are to meet to-night?" asked Miss Smithson.

"A gentleman named Johnson or Jackson or something," answered Miss Chalmers, who preferred quiet to excitement of this kind and was inclined to find fault.

"Some irascible, spectacled old fossil, I suppose," added Miss Gordon, "who talks geometrically and wisely."

"No, he's quite young I believe, rich and good-looking, put in Miss Smithson.

"Whatever he is I suppose we'll have to make ourselves agreeable to him," remarked Miss Gordon as she fastened her glove.

"Is Madge Darling here?" asked Miss Chalmers. "I should like so much to sit and talk with her, she is so sensible," said Mr. Chalmers to Miss Smithson, and May, who was hurrying to rejoin a pale faced young man with an abnormal collar, who was kicking his heels in the hall, pressed her head pettishly at the remark and sailed out.

John shrank from the notoriety that had been thrust upon him. The gay company, the lovely women, the well-dressed and fashionable young men, the lights, the surroundings generally, the music and the whirling mass of the dancing-room—so unlike anything he had ever been accustomed to, terrified, aye, that's the word, terrified him; and a hundred times that night he had wished himself back in the quiet home overlooking peaceful Smith's Hollow. He wandered from one place to another, now presented to this locally great man and again to that one, then to this charming young lady, and again to another, until he was bewildered. Once he walked into a nook, and taking a photograph from his pocket, looked at it longingly and lovingly, as if to refresh his memory. "Would I know her if she were here?" he asked. But he wasn't long left to his reflections, for his brother pounced upon him to present him to a member of parliament who spoke to him of the advantages of men coming straight paths, though he was well-known that his own had been and were as crooked as they could well be without being absolutely criminal. Miss Madge was attracted by the pale, sad face of the young man as he stood talking to this gentleman and a friend she chanced to be with at the purpose produced John before her and presented him.

"Allow me, Miss Gordon," said the lisping youth, "to present Mr. John Jackson of Smith's Hollow."

A minute before Miss Gordon had been all smiles, but at the presentation she gave a slight gasp, the smile faded away and a frightened look came into her eyes. John had not noticed the cloud which swept over the fair face. His brother had suggested that he amuse himself in the dance and try not with this young lady as well as with any other, and with his best bow he put the question to her. Her answer was to take his arm, but he noticed that she regarded him with a curious look. It was a waltz and May started in it very creditably, but John soon discovered that Smith's Hollow methods were not observed here, a fact, too, which was simultaneously discovered by his partner and she adroitly danced him to a palm hid recess where she straightway sought a seat.

Smith's Hollow is quite a large place, I suppose, Mr. Jackson," she said, for she had smoothed out her garments and composed her wayward ribbons.

"No, miss, not very large; in fact a small place, scarcely a village."

"Indeed," and she again gave him that searching look. "Are there many people in it, people, for instance, of your own name?"

"There are only two Jacksons in the place when I am there; my mother and I."

"So you come of a family of importance of those who have a comfortable home in the country, in good circumstances and with good prospects," she said, looking squarely at him with a quizzical smile.

His face was ablaze in a moment, the words had evidently touched a sensitive place in him and she noticed how his hands involuntarily clasped his hands as if he sought to steady his nerves. "Where, where," he began, leaning eagerly toward her, but she stopped him by rising and saying, "Let us go to the music room; it is cooler there; and Mr. Jackson, would you be kind enough to bring me an iced drink there, unless you do if nothing else comes handy." And with this offhand speech she went with him to the door of the music room, and he hurried away to do her bidding. "The very words; does she know, oh! does she know and can she tell?" he muttered to himself as he sought the refreshment room in haste, and in a moment he was back by her side. She was sitting by the piano running her delicate hands over the keys. She took the iced drink from him, but coldly he thought.

"Of course you play, Mr. Jackson?" she said, as she drew the daintiest of handkerchiefs over her lips.

"Only for my own amusement; I couldn't think of playing here," he answered, with a frightened look.

"There are few in this room to hear, and you'll play for me, won't you," she said coquettishly, as she made room for him.

He sat down and put his fingers on the key board and suddenly drew them back again. How black and big his hand looked beside hers. But it was only for an instant, and then the mournful strains of Auld Robin Gray filled the room and floated out into the hall room. Sad, very, very sad was the old familiar air as softly it came to his feeling touch. She saw that his hands had toiled; callloused they were, perhaps, and the knuckles stuck prominently out—a great, strong, wicked looking hand, she thought—fit to bend iron or break a man if necessary, but how tenderly they swept over the keys and what low, soft music they made. Then he began to sing the old ballad which will live as long as time lasts. A song for women, but burdened with woes which touch all hearts alike. This was half song, half recitation, a subdued chant, more touching than anything she had ever heard. She noticed that a different look was in his eyes, that he seemed borne far away, and she thought that he felt some of the passion of the woman in the song who loved that which was forever lost. She felt it, too, and tears she could not stop trickled down her cheeks. And from that hour she loved him, loved him more than ever he or any of them would know. The song ended and a burst of applause caused her to look around. Half the company was in the room attracted by the delightful music this country youth had made. May, as the company crowded about him, made her escape to the dressing room, her carriage was speedily at the door and she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING THAT ONE MAY CARRY BY STORM WHAT MIGHT NOT YIELD TO SIEGE.

For a week John was employed at the Jones agricultural works in superintending the perfecting of his invention. Nearly every night he was at some entertainment, so popular had he become, and nearly every night he met May Gordon, and every time they met he grew upon her more. The great Jones having satisfied himself that his invention was of valuable one, decided to celebrate the event by a grand ball at his palatial residence at Woodlands and to honor the inventor by making the occasion a coming out for Miss Madge, who had discovered genius and should be applauded therefor. Every one of note in the town was invited, and Jones had a large visiting list.

The eventful night came and when John wandered through the richly appointed apartments, for he had come early, intending the same to govern his departure, he saw May Gordon enter the attiring-room and was surprised at her pallor and the distraught look she threw in his direction. Listlessly he wandered about, coming back at intervals to the door to intercept her as she came out. He was the only friendly face he had yet seen in the crush which was increasing about him and he longed for some one to talk to. He was lounging musingly in one of the passage ways when he heard a musical laugh, and looking round he saw, making her way towards the stairs, a regal beauty. The most cunning little hood mingled with her golden hair, and the fleecy cloak which had shielded her from the night winds was thrown partly back showing a Venus like neck upon which the fair round head was elegantly poised. As she passed him the cheery laughter of herself and her gay companions filled the room, and he could listen to it to nothing but a ray of genial sunshine coming in out of the night to warm men's hearts. He looked delightedly after her, wondering who she was, when they saw May come out of the attiring-room, and the two met. They bowed, the fair one affably, May with a pained look—a look of right or dishonor, he did not know which. He made his way towards her.

"Miss Gordon, who was the lovely lady who passed us just now?"

But she didn't answer him at once, being concerned about the drapery of her robe, and when she did, he did not catch the name distinctly, although he answered: "Ah, yes," as if he had understood perfectly. Within a week or two he had grown to be quite a beau, and there was little trace of the country about him, but there were the big jointed hands, May thought, and there they always would be. But she had heard them make delightful music, and they would make delightful music to-night, no doubt. She held a secret of this man's, a secret which had caused her many sleepless nights and many unavailing tears. Often she had thought of unbosoming herself to him, but something within made her dread the consequences of it. He was not of the heartless crowd, that she knew, but a man of sensibility and feeling and not likely to condone an offence like hers, she had had fathomed the depth to which what she had done to him had affected him, and she shrank from him in confusion whenever she thought of it. He did not like to remember the evening and ascribing it to some shortcoming on his part, which he, not knowing, could not remedy, he stepped aside as he met her anywhere, in the meantime the great Jones took him in tow and insisted on presenting him to every one in the house. As he was trying to master the remarks of a wheezy old man, who claimed to be an inventor himself, John saw the regal beauty enter the room on the arm of a splendid looking young man, whom he afterwards learned was a junior partner in Jones' great works. At last they came to where the regal beauty sat and the great Jones presented his protege with a patronizing pat on the back.

"This," said he, "is my niece, Miss Madge Darling."

John had a fashion when puzzled of running his fingers through his long hair. Many a time when he was poring over his invention had his mother seen him throw up his head and run his fingers through his hair, as if he were shaking back his mane, and whenever she saw him do it she took away his drawings and packed him off to bed. He bowed to Miss Darling and stood several seconds staring blankly at her, much to her surprise, and with spasmodic action he ran his long fingers through his

INSTEAD OF FLEEING SHE STAYED TO SOOTHE.

hair. Then he walked after Mr. Jones and said excitedly, "Mr. Jones, I wish to speak with you," for he was impulsive and not versed in the finesse of this world upon the threshold of which he stood. So when Mr. Jones turned he said abstractedly and half apologetically, "I had forgotten," and he made his way back to where Miss Darling had sat, but someone had carried her off in the dance, so he sank into the nearest seat, nervous and confused. And all the time May Gordon's eyes were upon him, reading him to the core and feeling despair sinking into her heart.

It has been said somewhere that John was a man of intensity of feeling, that whatever he undertook he battled with with all his soul. For five years he had battled with his invention when no eye saw him and for the last six months he had battled with a mystery the solution of which was ever uppermost with him and ever beating at his heart. He would probe that mystery to-night no matter what the consequences might be, or he would leave these scenes forever behind him and return to the Hollow never to leave it again. While he was engaged in framing his excited course of action there were requests for a song from several of those who had heard him before, and going mechanically to the piano he ran over the prelude to 'Tis Not True and sang it exquisitely. Then he broke into Kathleen Mavourneen, and then came Auld Robin Gray. Smith's Hollow had often heard him sing that song, but never with the pathos, never with the tenderness which he threw into it to-night, and when he had finished he looked up and the side him stood Madge Darling with an ecstatic expression in her eyes and with her fair hands tameing clasped in the folds of her gown.

"You sing beautifully, Mr. Jackson," she said; "there was a delicious sob in every line of it." And she asked him to sing again. But he shook his head and said, "Not now, not now; let us talk," and familiarly taking her hand he led her away. A strange mortal this, she thought. He spoke excitedly, he acted impetuously, he regarded her emotionally. Inventors, she inferred, must be like poets. They were not responsible for their actions. He drew her with him from one apartment to another, he talking gaily, hysterically, the Hollow would have thought, of everything under heaven. At last they came to a room dimly lit and deserted. He had not released her hand and he led her into a seat which she reluctantly took, for his manner was strange. His first action was to turn up the gas, his second to close the door, which she resented by rising with a severe frown.

"Miss Darling, you may not have recognized me," he said, "but I am J. J."

"I do not understand," she said.

"I am the J. J. of the correspondence; the ultimately revealed John Jackson of Smith's Hollow," he said, with a tremor in his tone.

"I am at a loss—" she began, but he did not permit her to finish.

"Do not disclaim what you have written, Miss Darling," he cried, in a voice of entreaty. "Do not, I pray of you. This is no trifling matter, before God it is not!"

She recoiled as he tried to grasp her hand, very much alarmed now at his vehemence.

"When you first wrote me——" he went on in a highly agitated state.

"I—I write you. I have no knowledge of ever——"

"When you first wrote me," he interrupted, "I thought it might have been a joke upon your part, but when your second and third and fourth letter came and at last your picture, I was convinced you were sincere. Although you gave me fictitious addresses. I carried that picture next my heart. It is there now," and he stepped aside as he recovered her away, in the meantime the great Jones took him in tow and insisted on presenting him to every one in the house. As he was trying to master the remarks of a wheezy old man, who claimed to be an inventor himself, John saw the regal beauty enter the room on the arm of a splendid looking young man, whom he afterwards learned was a junior partner in Jones' great works. At last they came to where the regal beauty sat and the great Jones presented his protege with a patronizing pat on the back.

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head. "I have these proofs," and, slowly, like a man waking from sleep, he produced a photograph and a small bundle of letters. "That is your picture, is it not?

"Yes," she said, taking up the card curiously. "Yes, that is a picture of me. But how did you become possessed of it?"

And then he told her in a wild burst of eloquence. He was well-to-do, had nothing to trouble him in the world, but his mother had importuned him to marry. None of the young ladies of his neighborhood suited him, however, and in a moment of forgetfulness of the absurdity of it or the consequences of it, he had advertised in one of the city papers for a wife (ad. produced and read with much interest by Miss Darling.) A week or so afterwards he had received the letter signed M. D. (letter produced but repudiated by this M. D.) The handwriting was superior and the language good and he had been attracted to it. He replied and received letter No two, also signed M. D. (repudiated). Letter three was more explicit than the previous ones—was beautifully written, breathed the highest affection, and in return he sent his photograph. Letter four was more gushing still, contained photograph produced, and was signed Madge Darling (pronounced a base forgery by Miss Madge Darling, present). Letters five, six, seven and eight famed his young love into a flame which nothing but Madge Darling would satisfy. Then the correspondence ceased, he knew not why.

Miss Madge scanned the letters carefully. Then she touched an electric button in the wall, and a servant entered.

"Go to my room and bring me my letter-box," she ordered.

In a minute or two the box was laid before her, and out of its contents she selected a letter and spread it open on the table. "Mr. Jackson, these letters were all written by the same hand!" and she pushed a letter, bearing her address, across the table to him. He compared one of his with the one she had given him. He admitted that she was right, and started towards the door, eager to bury his head in the Hollow forever.

"Wait a moment" she commanded and he stood stock still. He would have died for her then and there. And she rang the bell again.

"Miss May Gordon is in the ball-room," she said to the servant who appeared; "go quietly down and tell her I want to see her here; tell Mr. Chalmers to come too."

They waited in silence. Finally the door opened and the servant ushered in Miss Chalmers, and Miss Gordon, came with terror in her face and reluctance in her tread. "Miss Chalmers," said Miss Darling, "I have asked you here to settle a dispute. Whose writing is this?" and she handed the letter she had taken from her letter box to Miss Chalmers.

"I—I think," answered Miss Chalmers, "that this is May's writing," and she turned to Miss Gordon for verification, but she was as immovable as stone.

"And whose writing is this?" she asked handing Miss Chalmers one of the letters sent to Mr. Jackson.

"This also is May's," answered Miss Chalmers.

"May," said Miss Darling, turning to her old time friend, but without any resentment in her manner. "May, you wrote these letters and sent this picture to this gentleman, and in doing so you were guilty of a mean and wicked thing. Even had I done you any harm for which you might feel revengeful, which I have not to my knowledge, it would be a cruel wrong that you have done both to this gentleman and to me. Had he not been a gentleman and shown these letters and this photograph about what great wrong you would have done me."

With this Miss Gordon threw herself into a chair in a paroxysm of tears and hysteric sobs explained that she never realized her despicable conduct till now and that she was heartily ashamed of herself, and, oh, so sorry. And much to Mr. Jackson's astonishment Miss Darling went over to May and putting her arms about her, kissed her and assured her that she was forgiven and that they would all regard it as a joke. But May refused to be comforted and asked Miss Chalmers to send her home and she went out of the room with averted face.

"Mamie," she sobbed, "I took the paper out of your house. I hated her then, but I love her now. What was it you said to me that day. 'Those we hate somehow discover our feeling towards them, and usually they humiliate us or cause us to humiliate ourselves.' How true that was," and the little light head sank, sobbing on the carriage cushions; sobbed itself home, sobbed itself sick, sobbed itself near into death, so that it took nearly three year's residence abroad to make it well again, or nearly so, for it never was fully well again and grieved always.

A year afterwards a number of men lurked around the railway station at Smith's Hollow like bandits in the dark. When the train ran alongside the platform and came to a standstill, a crowd that sprang from somewhere, lit up the darkness with torches, and revealed the lurkers as the Smith's Hollow Cornet Band with little Dick Doane as cornetist. A committee of the village met a lady and gentleman coming off the train and conducted them to a carriage drawn by four of the biggest horses which could be got. Then the torches clustered round the carriage and strung out behind it, the band struck up See the Conquering Hero Comes until the far away hills reechoed the wild strains. It was the Hollow welcoming home Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, *nee* Miss Madge Darling. And as Widow Jackson received her daughter she thought her the most beautiful being she had ever seen. And so thought they all.

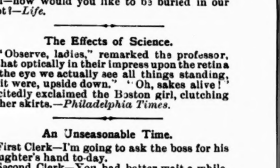
THE END.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Barn Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

Due Deliberation.

There is told an anecdote of a Scotch minister, who, when he had been engaged to a girl for some years, said timidly, one day: "D'ye think, lassie, we might tak' a kiss?" The damsel looked as if she thought they might. The minister folded his hands, asked a blessing, took the kiss, and gave thanks. Very soon, he whispered: "Eh, lassie, but it's verra guid. D'ye think we might tak' anither?"

A Proposal.



Mr. G. Hackensack Dumley (who has long been waiting an opportunity, thinks his time has come at last)—Er—Miss Evangeline—er—um—how would you like to be buried in our plot?—*Life.*

The Effects of Science.

"Observe, ladies," remarked the professor, "that optically in their impress upon the retina of the eye we actually see all things standing, as it were, upside down." "Oh, sakes alive!" excitedly exclaimed the Boston girl, clutching at her skirts.—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Unseasonable Time.

First Clerk—I'm going to ask the boss for his daughter's hand to-day.

Second Clerk—You had better wait a while.

"Why?"

"His fountain pen ain't working any too good lately."—*Texas Siftings.*

An Old Family.

Boy—Please, sir, may I have the afternoon off? My grandmother is to be buried.

Employer—This is the eighth grandmother you have buried since the base-ball season opened.

Boy—I know it, sir. I came of a very old family, and my ancestors can't stand the excitement of two leagues. They're dyin' off fast.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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An Unwelcome Visitor.

The wind was blowing a terrific gale over the dark waters of the Atlantic, which, rising into great seas, went roaring along with the din of many thunderbolts.

A vessel bound from New York to Liverpool was struggling along in that gale under shortened canvas.

With every plunge, the lee rail of the vessel would go under, the water pouring in a perfect deluge all over her decks.

Standing upon the poop-deck were three persons deserving description.

One was an old man, with white hair, named William Benson, the other was his daughter, Clara, a lovely creature of seventeen, with dark eyes, olive complexion, and raven tresses; the third was a fine looking young man of twenty-one, the brother of the girl.

These people were bound to Liverpool, to take possession of a large estate left to them by a relative.

"This is bad weather for the poor sailors," remarked Clara, her eyes beaming admiration up at the sinewy, well-built frame of the handsome first mate, Mr. Barlow, who was aloft repairing an earring on the weather foretopsail yard arm.

"Ay," answered Harry Benson, his lip slightly curling with contempt, "but the rough fellows are used to it, and would not be at home in any other vocation. They are a coarse set, and for my part I shall be glad when we get out of their realm."

"Oh, brother, how can you talk so," said Clara. "I am sure some of them seem to be quite gentlemanly; for instance the captain, his second officer, and——"

"Mr. Barlow," put in Harry, filling up the pause, his eyes flashing angrily upon the young girl.

She colored deeply, and turned her glance away towards the huge seas, which, with white-topped crests, were careering madly along. At the same time she looked vexed, especially when Harry continued:

"That coarse fellow has produced an impression where my refined friend, Mr. Thomas, could have no effect."

"He is not a coarse fellow," she answered, quickly. "As to Mr. Thomas, let him go where his attentions are more welcome than they are to me."

"Hush, my children," said the old man. "I am sure, Harry, you are too hasty, as Mr. Barlow can of course make no impression upon a girl like your sister, who looks higher than——"

"Oh, papa, pray say no more!" interrupted Clara, bursting into tears.

"You do not know how much you and Harry distress me in this way."

With these words she descended to her cabin, where she remained a long time indulging in a "good cry."

The truth was that the handsome person, good nature, intelligence, etc., of the first officer had made upon the young girl a powerful impression. No man had ever before awakened in her bosom such pleasant feelings as this sailor youth, whose manliness and gentleness combined were well calculated to please the softer sex.

Mr. Barlow, in his turn, seemed attracted to Clara. Sometimes he would seek her side when she was on deck, and converse with her on any subject she might choose to broach, for he seemed at home on all topics.

It happened thus on the day of the scene described. Clara was near the companion-way, leaning seaward, after having inclined her ear when she felt rather than saw the young mate at her side.

"It is a stormy day," he remarked, "and I would advise you to hold on hard to the rail, Miss Benson, lest you be swept overboard."

They glided on from subject to subject, Clara forgetting her sorrow, forgetting all about the storm raging around the vessel, in the pleasure she took in conversing with the mate, who was certainly an agreeable companion.

Well read and intelligent, he could, in fact, give opinions upon any topic which was brought up.

While they were still conversing, a singular-looking cloud was observed to windward, bearing down toward the vessel. The top of this cloud was spread out like a balloon, while the lower part, a long crooked column, touched the sea, sending the water flying up in all directions.

"A waterspout!" said Clara, smiling. "How grand and beautiful!"

"Yes, ma'am," answered her companion; "but it is coming a little too close to the ship to suit me. We must alter our course."

He gave orders for this to the man at the wheel, an old sailor, who at once kept the ship off.

"Is there danger?" inquired Clara.

"Oh, no. I think not, if the course of the spout doesn't change."

On came the cloud, now sweeping along in a direction which must carry it within half a mile of the vessel's bow.

The captain and all his officers, with a number of the passengers, were now watching the singular cloud.

Suddenly there was a cry from the skipper. The wind had changed suddenly, driving the spout straight for the vessel, whose course it would be impossible to change in time to avoid the dangerous column.

Soon it was within a quarter of a mile of the ship.

The water could now be seen flying up, as the dark rain columns fell thundering to the sea.

It was a grand and sublime spectacle.

"Well, captain," said old Benson, "what is to be done?"

"I was never in a situation like this before," replied the captain, then, turning to the first officer, he ordered him to load the twelve-pounder forward, and see what effect the discharge would have upon the waterspout."

Mr. Barlow did as requested. The gun was discharged, and had the effect of partially breaking without destroying the column of the perilous cloud.

With a strange whistling, roaring, surging noise, the waterspout was now seen driving straight toward the vessel—the gigantic mass inspiring the spectators fixed with awe and terror.

The women screaming, rushed to the sides of husbands and brothers, who, however, were not less panic-stricken.

"Heaven help us all," the captain was heard to exclaim, "if that spout strikes the ship!"

Meanwhile the first officer had made his way aft, and was endeavoring to calm the fear of Miss Benson, who, white as a sheet, stood clinging tightly to the rail, her glance, as by a fearful fascination, upon the dangerous visitor.

"I can attend to my sister," cried Harry Benson, haughtily, as he took the young girl's arm.

So saying he led her away from the first officer, who seemed more grieved than angry at his interference.

The threatening peril was now close at hand. The seamen, finding useless all their efforts to work the ship clear, stood looking at each other with mute lips and ominous faces, while the passengers ran hither and thither, talking excitedly.

"I would advise you all to go below," said the captain.

His calm manner had a great effect on some of the passengers, but others spoiled it.

"What! to go down in the cabin without a chance for our lives!" exclaimed Harry Benson.

"No, sir, I prefer remaining on deck."

"By all means, we prefer remaining on deck," echoed his father.

"Do as you please, gentlemen," said the captain, "I only advised what I thought would be the best."

The gun, by this time, was again loaded.

The first officer ran forward to superintend its discharge. The men at the gun, however, now came running aft, the nearness of the gigantic waterspout having terrified them.

"To your gun!" vainly shouted the first officer.

In fact the sight was now appalling, as the huge mass, streaming down from the sky in a large black volume of driving, whirling water, was within less than a quarter of a mile of the ship.

Perceiving that the gunners were too terrified to obey him, Barlow snatched, with a pair of tongs, a hot coal from the galley stove, and marched up to the gun to discharge it himself.

Applying the hot coal to the vent-hole, the piece went off with a din that shook the vessel fore and aft.

The ball, whizzing on its way, struck the column right in the center, dividing it into two parts, which as they came on, spreading out like a pair of tongs, presented a peculiar appearance.

Before the mate could again load the gun, the spout struck the ship.

The effect was terrible. The ship spun round and round for a moment like a top, her tall masts going by the board, then her bow went under, and for a moment it seemed as if she would plunge out of sight forever.

Meanwhile, for about ten seconds, the vessel was wrapped in a black haze and downward driving mass of spray which fell upon the deck with a thundering sound, prostrating many of the passengers and carrying some of them off their feet.

Harry Benson, with one arm around his sister, stood clinging to the mizzen rife-rail, when the spout struck the ship.

In an instant he was thrown down, and his precious charge swept from his grasp.

A perfect whirlwind of wild waters and driving spray had caught Clara up, as if she were a mere feather, and borne her away to leeward.

The chief danger from the gigantic visitor having now passed, old Benson stood wringing his hands, in one and the same voice calling upon some person to save his child, and blaming Harry for allowing her to slip from his hold.

In fact the old man did not perceive, in the confusion of the moment, that an individual had already started to attempt the rescue of the imperiled girl.

Mr. Barlow, the first officer, had sprung into the sea, the moment he saw the young girl go over, and was now striking out vigorously toward the spot marked by her long, black hair streaming upon the water, and her snow-white arm raised in mute appeal for help.

Meanwhile a singular phenomenon was now observed.

The waterspout at this place was circling round and round, the girl evidently caught in a whirlwind, at the distance of about fifty yards from her person.

This rendered her situation all the more perilous, the water being converted into eddies and small whirlpools, large enough, now ever, to draw down her form.

Many of the spectators aboard the vessel, now floating a mere dismasted hull upon the dark waters, said that it would be impossible for the mate to reach Miss Benson in time.

The young man, however, was making sturdy efforts to do so. His form clove the waters with arrowy speed, and he was already within less than ten yards of the perilous circle of which the form of Clara was the center.

On he went until finally he gained the spot from which she had now disappeared, sinking into the sea.

He darted forward, then dove. Anxiously the spectators watched, and soon they saw him reappear without the girl.

A cry of horror went up from their lips.

The next moment the mate dove again, to be this time more successful. He came up with the girl in his arms.

Loud cries of joy and enthusiastic plaudits were already heard from aboard the wreck, when suddenly, the waterspout, taking a sort of zig zag course away to leeward, was seen to pass over the two in the water.

In a moment they disappeared, sinking down into the turbulent sea, whence it was believed they would never reappear.

Finally, however, a shout was heard, when looking to windward, a few yards off, there they beheld Barlow, with his burden dashing along toward the vessel.

He had swam under water, thus getting clear of the spout, which would otherwise have soon overpowered him, burdened as he was with the half-senseless girl.

Cheers now greeted him on all sides.

It was observed, however, that a small stream of blood was trickling down the side of his face, which was ghastly pale.

"Quick with that boat!" he gasped, to those who had lowered one and were pulling toward them.

The oarsmen, bending vigorously to their work, were soon alongside the two.

"Here, take her!" shouted Barlow; "and attend to me afterward."

As he spoke he lifted her toward the crew, who soon had her in the boat.

Before they could grasp him they noticed, to their horror, that he disappeared beneath the surface.

A tall Kanaka, throwing off shoes and jacket, dove after him.

He came up in a few minutes, but alone.

As soon as he could speak, he said that he had seen the mate, far down under him, caught in the links of a chain, which was evidently dragging him to the bottom.

The chain, it was probable, had slipped off that part of the wrecked foretop mast under water, catching the sailor's form in a bight, the weight, with iron bands from the topsail yard, dragging him down.

The boat's crew looked, with mute horror, into each other's faces. A groan from aboard the wrecked ship proclaimed that their feelings were shared by the rest.

Clara had now come to, and was gazing wildly all around her.

"Where is he?" she exclaimed.

"We'll never see him again, miss," said an old sailor.

At that moment, however, there was heard a cry of joy, and all hands beheld the mate rise to the surface.

He was nearly senseless from his long submersion, but being hauled in the boat soon recovered. He then stated that he had first struck the sunken spar when he dove for Clara. This accounted for the wound on the side of his head.

Arrived aboard, the passengers gathered round him, shaking his hand heartily.

Neither Harry Benson nor his father were behindhand in tendering their thanks. From that moment their prejudice against the young mate was destroyed, and he was made happy by Clara's becoming his wife a few months after the wreck reached Liverpool.

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The turbulent nature of recent fiction is a fruitful source of discussion, contention and argument. The scholarly essays and many new ideas it has evolved are attracting world-wide attention. The result of this discussion and reviewing is the breeding of more of the same kind of fiction, since in its train come wealth and notoriety if not fame. But besides essays and discussions and new ideas this outpouring of sensational literature seems to have fostered another phase of industry, if report is to be believed. The *Athenæum* is said to have published this advertisement: "Writers of fiction (ladies especially) may be supplied with new materials of an exciting, romantic character." This, it will be observed, involves a question of labor as well as a question of literature. The result of the division and subdivision of labor knows no end and soon, doubtless, every novelist will cease to have the worry and weariness of inventing a thrilling sensational plot. He can buy his raw material. Perhaps it is the establishment of an industry of this kind that Canadian literature is awaiting to make it spring into surprising and vigorous growth.

Ball Etiquette.

Some of the disadvantages of the system of etiquette which obtains at balls in the present day present themselves to every person who indulges in this style of social diversion. One of the most apparent of these, and one which obtrudes itself at some time on every woman who moves in society, is that unwritten law which hampers their liberty and makes them dependent for the most of their pleasure on their powers of attracting men to their side. In this connection an American contemporary very sensibly says: "Why is it that women have not the same liberty at a ball that they have at a garden-party? It is all very well for the belle, who has but to smile upon a man to bring him to her side to do her bidding, and for the matron, who commands attention by the obligation owed by those who eat her dinners and sit in her opera-box; but for the majority, what slavery is greater than that enjoined by etiquette at a ball? How ridiculous it is that a sensible, middle-aged woman should rejoice when she sees a boy in his twenties ready to give her his arm to supper! As for conversation between men and women, all enjoyment is spoiled by the idea on the man's part that he may be 'stuck,' as he expresses it in rather insolent fashion, and on the woman's that he is 'stuck.' As for girls, how can parents endure the idea that they must lose their young dignity by trying to attract the attention of boys, half of whom are their inferiors in mind and manners—and yet, what can a poor girl do? If she giggles and talks nonsense, and flatters and amuses the young men, she is a success; and if she does not attract, no matter how pretty or well-bred she may be, she is left to pine without even the power to walk across the room. If this state of things is absurd for grown-up sensible girls, how much more humiliating it is for older women to feel dependent on the favors that may be vouchsafed to them by Tom, Dick, or Harry! We are not speaking, we repeat, of the successful ones; they have their innings, as we all know, and enjoy, perhaps, their triumphs over their sisters, but of the majority of women who go to balls and whose 'good time' is quite dependent on the number of men they can get to talk to them and walk them about, upon some one to take them into supper, and—if it be a young woman, or a would-be young woman—upon a partner for the german; women whose fear that they may be left neglected, almost, if not quite, neutralizes the pleasure of anticipation. Women control society, and if a dozen leading matrons, with their successful daughters, resolved that a ball should be an assemblage of intelligent men and women, with equal right of locomotion and circulation, and should persistently set the example for a few evenings, we should have a peaceful revolution and the American ball-room would be the type of what true civilization should produce. But it will never be done. The successful ones are too selfish and the rest too afraid of public opinion."

Music.

I have gleaned a little information from Signor D'Auria concerning his new dramatic cantata, which is an episode of the crusades, written by himself in collaboration with Mrs. Edgar Jarvis. The composer has chosen a subject which has presented a stimulus to composition to many others, but has avoided the supernatural as a subject for treatment, preferring to find play for his fancy in the introduction of the variety of local color offered by a subject whose action covers three continents. The cantata commences with the departure of the crusaders for the Holy Land. Introducing a full concerted piece with tenor solo, accompanied by orchestra and military band. This is followed by the sea voyage, illustrated by a barcarolle with chorus. This gradually merges into more vigorous music as a storm approaches. The storm is described by chorus and orchestra, and is followed by a prayer and chorale of thanksgiving for deliverance, with which the first part closes.

The second part describes how the crusaders meet in combat with the Saracen forces, in which the Christian chief is seriously wounded and taken prisoner. While in the enemy's camp he is discovered by a Moorish maiden, Gulnare, who sings a characteristic Moresque song. She nurses him to health, a berceuse forming the illustrative music. This very naturally results in her falling in love with him, the tender passion being reciprocated by the crusader. In this part of the work Signor D'Auria has introduced a variety of music which exhibits Moresque and Egyptian color, an Arab prayer and a Saraband being the chief numbers. The crusader endeavors to convert Gulnare to the Christian faith, much to the rage of her former Saracen lover, who seeks revenge in a combat with the crusader. Gulnare interferes and is mortally wounded by a stab from the Saracen and she dies. A fine trio is here introduced which leads to the grand finale by chorus, orchestra and military band forming a triumphal march.

I had a few lines the other day from Madame Teresa Carreno, the popular pianist, who is summering at Berck sur-Mer in France. Our fair Venezuelan has had great successes in both England and Germany, and has made engagements that will keep her in Europe until

MADAME TERESA CARRENO.

May, 1891, if not longer, and that cover such an extensive territory as Germany, Russia, Austria, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and England. The many admirers of her performances in Toronto will wish her continued success in her new field of artistic effort.

I also heard by the same mail from Miss Attalie Claire, the young Torontonian, who was here last with Mme. Albani. Miss Clare is engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company to create the title role in La Capitaine Therese, a new comic opera of which the libretto is by M. Bisson and Mr. Burnand, with music by Planquette, the composer of the Chimes of Normandy. La Capitaine Therese will be put on at the Prince of Wales Theater in London next month, to take the place of Marjorie now running there. Miss Claire's career has been

MISS ATTALIE CLAIRE.

a wonderfully successful one for so young a singer. Two years ago she was here with the Boston Ideal Opera Company playing in Martha, Carmen and the Daughter of the Regiment. A year ago Miss Claire was engaged to support Mme. Patti and was with the Diva in her American and Mexican tour. She then was attached to Mme. Albani's opera company for a short season, after which she sang at the Grand Opera House in New York, taking the leading rules in Carmen, Faust and the Bohemian Girl. Her success there attracted the attention of the manager of the Rosa Opera Company in England with the result of her present engagement. May she succeed in it as well as in her former efforts.

Everyone who knows genial Tom Hurst—and who does not know him?—was moved with sympathy with him in his severe bereavement last week when he lost his wife, a lady whose strength of character made permanent the many friendships whose foundations were laid by her husband's popularity. A useful life was ended while yet in her prime, and after severe and continued suffering which she bore with wonderful resignation.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck, assisted by some friends, is forming a vocal society in the West, and I understand that it already has a membership of thirty good voices. METRONOME.

DEAR METRONOME,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in last week's issue from Mr. H. Bourlier, secretary-treasurer of the Toronto Vocal Society. I have no desire to engage in a newspaper controversy with Mr. Bourlier or anybody else; indeed I have, up to the present, studiously avoided appearing in print with respect to Vocal Society matters, but this letter, if unanswered, might create a wrong impression, and do injustice to the society of which I have the honor to be president. I, therefore, crave the privilege of a few words in reply. Mr. Bourlier states that "he has the usual declaration of intention to renew membership from most of the best members of their chorus, . . . that they have lost a few members, mostly ladies, but that a large number of their choristers are with them."

It is quite true that before the facts which led to the revolution in the society became known to the members a large number of them, myself included, signed the roll to sing with the society during the coming season, but Mr. Bourlier well knows, in the light of subsequent developments, that this now counts for nothing. As a matter of fact during the past few weeks between 70 and 80 of last year's members of the Toronto Vocal Society have signed the roll of the Haslam Vocal Society, and declared their intention of becoming members thereof for the ensuing season, and I am personally aware of a considerable number of others, temporarily absent from the city, who are loyal to Mr. Haslam, and who will enroll themselves on their return. Among those who have signed to sing with us are several members of the old committee, some of whose names still appear on the circulars of the seceding organization. We have thus, practically, the whole society with us, the malcontents being a number of the members of the old committee with a few of their personal friends. I claim, and I think successfully, that we are the original society, and that the other is the "newer organization." A musical society consists of its conductor and members. We have the conductor who incepted, founded and named the Vocal Society and under whose musical directorship it has became one of our most popular local societies, and achieved a more than provincial reputation. We have also, as above pointed out, about eighty per cent. of the members. The other society has a new conductor, and, with few exceptions, their membership will be new. Is it fair, in the face of these facts, to refer to our society as the "newer organization"? I think not. In the public mind Mr. Haslam's name is inseparably connected with the Vocal Society, and it is well known that its success is largely due to his skill as a conductor. The Haslam Vocal Society has no desire to thrive at the expense of any other organization. All we ask is fair play. If Toronto is prepared to support two vocal societies, well and good. If not, it will be a case of "the survival of the fittest," and a generous public will support the society that, on its merits, deserves to be supported.

D. E. CAMERON,
President Haslam Vocal Society.

The Drama.

Mr. Percy T. Greene, of the Academy of Music, has leased the Brantford Opera House for three years, and will proceed to furnish the people of that thriving town with good theatricals.

The American press waxes rapturous when describing the melodies of the famous Strauss orchestra which Toronto will hear on September 17 and 18. One thing, says the New York *Dramme*, is obvious, which is that the music ought not to be listened to in the spirit which most people are in the habit of taking with them into the concert-room. It is music for the gay and careless; music which tells just as eloquently of the amiable and fun-loving heart of the Viennese as that of the Bouffes Parisiens used to tell of the satirical madness of the French people. Its piquancy and grace are beautifully brought to notice in the playing of the Strauss orchestra, and the effect produced by ingenious retarded and accelerated tempos is peculiarly fascinating. There is an individual charm in the playing of this band which all other players of this bewitching music lack. To get at the real beauty of the music one should go several times and note the delicious manner in which the rhythmical precision of the music is combined with the voluptuous swell of the melody, in which the true sentiment of a Viennese waltz lies. It did not need the coming of this orchestra from Vienna to demonstrate how far short of the mark was Byron's description of a waltz as "a d——d see-saw, up and down sort of tune;" that we have always known since the Wizard of the Danube took possession of our ball rooms; but we are learning now something of the beauties of modulations of tempo and of absolute precision in those insinuating rubatos.

Mrs. Langtry is not coming to America after all. Early in September she will open at the Princess Theater, London, with Antony and Cleopatra, where she will doubtless strive to emulate the success of the divine Potter in the same role.

Galignani says that twenty-seven theaters have gone out of existence in Paris during the last ten years.

Apropos of Augustin Daly's remark that "London critics never trouble me," the Boston *Post* says it is a pity, on some accounts, that he cannot cultivate this fine indifference more successfully when he is at home. The New York critics have troubled Mr. Daly to an extent which their poor brethren in distant London can scarcely comprehend. He carefully pastes all their adverse criticisms in scrap-books kept for that purpose, commits them to memory, and mutters that his day will come. If it ever should come Mr. Daly will have his hands as full as the clerk's of high Heaven on the day of judgment.

The Haworth family stands a fair chance of coming into a considerable sum of money one of these days. The estates in question, however, are just as likely to get into the Courts of Chancery in England, and both William Haworth and his brother Joseph may be gray-headed and bald before anything falls to them. The story connected with the estates is a most romantic one, and William Haworth is likely to make more money by dramatizing it than in any other way.

Sara Bernhardt, having exhausted the advertising value of lame knee, chloral, sculpture, balloons and tiger cats, has allowed it to be said that she will resort to marriage again. Philippe Garnier, of her company, is the unhappy man.

Julia Marlowe's leading man is Creston Clarke, son of Asia Booth Clarke, sister of Edwin Booth, and the celebrated comedian John S. Clarke. He is, moreover, the husband of the dashing young woman who was once the wife of poor Sheldon Bateman, and who was known on the stage as Victory Creese.

A comic opera divinity asked her manager for a week's absence on account of the death of her mother. He met her on Broadway a couple of days later, attired in the gayest of gowns.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the manager. "You deceived me. You were going into mourning and here I find you dressed to kill. You look like a rainbow."

"Oh, no," said she. "Mamma died in London, and the dressmaker told me it was quite unnecessary to wear black for distant relatives."

It is about time, says the *Mercury*, that the press workers relented and that comic opera prima donnas gave the public a rest. Thus far they have been credited with the loss of diamonds, with runaway accidents, with wanting to buy theaters that are not for sale, with saving children from untimely deaths, in fact, for the summer it would seem that Providence had specially singled out these unfortunate ladies for some disagreeable casualty, which has been duly chronicled to evoke public sympathetic interest. It is to be hoped that the approach of cold weather will afford them a chance for their talents to displace press workers' rot, which benefits only those in quest of vulgar notoriety.

The Carmencita boom has collapsed as completely as a bursted toy-balloon. In the space of four or five months, this young woman attained to a popular prominence that it took Modjeska ten years to reach, and there was at one time more printed about her in the papers, from *Harper's Weekly* to the smallest country paper, than about any one other person. Now New York has forgotten her, and she is quite content, for she has put away a tidy sum that will keep her in Madrid in comfort—Spanish comfort—to the end of her days.

That mysterious, if not mythical, body of people known as "Mrs. James Brown-Potter's friends" have been suggesting to her the advisability of giving up the stage to become a "parlor entertainer." That would be an effective move if it is still Mrs. Potter's intention to elevate the stage.

According to the New York *World*, the performance of "Beau Brummel" at the Madison Square Theatre, with Richard Mansfield as the central figure, has given a certain class of gilded youth a new interest in their clothes and a deeper appreciation of the formalities of life. The play has had an almost immediate effect on the theatre audiences in the direction of forming and reforming manners. The men especially are put under the influence of a politeness which pervades the atmosphere, and when they go out between the acts they do so in a most courtly and ceremonious way, and when the entire audience files out at the end of the performance, the graceful bendings of the different people towards each other remind one irresistibly of the swaying of slender and graceful trees in the evening breezes.

The event of the week in New York was the production of the comic opera, The Red Hussar, at Palmer's. The piece had a long run in London, but is reported as not likely to succeed here. Marie Tempest takes the leading part, with Belle Urquhart as second.

Boucicault has written a play founded on Bret Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, the Chicago *divorcee*, is being coached for the stage by David Belasco.

Rosina Vokes has added The Silver Shield and three one-act pieces to her repertoire for the coming season.

A London exchange tells a good story of a yokel who had been to see Irving in The Bells. As he was coming out of the theater he remarked to his party: "This is the first time I've seen Irving, but I believe him to be a guilty man."

What Both Wanted.

Servant (on the stage)—Madam, the marquis is without and desires an audience.

Star Actress (surveying a nearly empty house)—So do I.

A Natural Result.

"You've been riding a bicycle, I hear," said one department clerk to another. "Just for exercise, you know." "It has reduced your weight some, I think." "Yes, I have fallen off a great deal."—*Washington Post.*

Railroad Soup.

Billings—I will take a little more of that railroad soup, please.

Mr. Hashcroft—Railroad soup?

Billings—Yes. More water than stock, you know.

Compensation.

"I am sorry for you, Walty," the kind-hearted surgeon said, "but the thumb will have to come off."

"My hand won't be of much account, will it, doctor?" inquired Walty tearfully.

"You will have your four fingers left, but you will not be able to grasp anything firmly."

"I can't help papa pick fruit nor weed the garden for mamma, either, can I?"

"I am afraid not, my boy."

"Well, then, cut er off, doc!"

Valor and Discretion.

Mamma—It is very wrong in you, Johnnie, to quarrel in this way.

Johnnie (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom)—Well, I got wild, and had to do something.

Mamma—But you must not let your temper carry you away in that manner. I will tell you a good rule: When you are angry, always count twenty before you strike.

Tommy (the victor in the recent unpleasantness)—Yes, and he'd better count forty before he strikes a fellow that can whip him.

Reciprocity is Needed.

"What's that?" asked the Fourth street belle, as he purloined a kiss from her.

"That's free trade," he replied.

"And what's this?" she inquired, as she kissed him in return.

"Reciprocity, I suppose."

"Well," she gurgled, "I guess we need reciprocity, don't we?"

"That's what the nation wants," he said.

A Girl's Scheme

Daughter (petulantly)—Can't we go to Saratoga or the seashore at all, then, papa?

Papa—No, we can't—not this year.

Daughter—Well, I don't care. Come, Bess, let's go down street to the horse-trough and say we've been to a watering place, any way.

"Held by the Enemy."

For Saturday Night.

Oh! dainty little cousin May,
I hear your girlish laughter gay
Each time I near the wide stairway,
Each time I leave the dance.
You little witch, how well I know
The deadly dagger you can throw,
You meet your unprotected foe
With laughter as your lance.

The music murmurs thro' the rooms
And throbs atween the rich perfumes
That drift from lips of summer blooms,
But sweeter than the flute,
And clearer than the clarionet,
I hear your merry voice, my pet.
Oh! roguish May, where did you get
The laughter of the lute?

I know quite well you're sitting where
The light is shaded from the stair,
For seven dances you've been there
With some poor college boy,
I know so well your fan fethered fan
Is resting near your mouth, a plan
You always have to tease a man,
The thing you most enjoy.

I know your eyes of melting grey
Are not too often turned his way,
Nor have you very much to say,
But oh, you scamp, you're playing
The very deuce with that poor chap
For whom you never cared a rap,
Unless it was to test the trap
Of coquetry you're laying.

Ah! coy, demoniac and divine,
The boy must go—this dance is mine,
I see your eyes with radiance shine
The while I rescue him
From out the toils he's sure to rue,
For now that I'm alone with you
I know you're loyal, staunch and true
In heart to Cousin Jim. E. PAULINE JOHNSON

A Put-Up Job.

For Saturday Night.

So far I'd never been in love
And I was thirty-three,
When Maud one night looked up in church
And sweetly smiled at me.

Her sister Mabel raised her eyes
With an expression mild,
She caught my answering smile to Maud
And—yes—she also smiled.

I'd often seen them both at church
And thought them wondrous fair,
But now—O gracious! they both seemed
To me beyond compare.

Mabel had lovely eyes of blue,
While Maud's were dark as night;
The one was short and rather stout,
The other tall and slight

They both were lively, fond of fun,
Neither averse to me,
By either, if I'd pop, I thought,
I'd sure accepted be.

I felt I was in love with both,
But I could not propose
To both, this was a pretty fix
At my age, goodness knows.

I went one evening to the house,
Resolved my fate to try,
The one that meets me at the door
Shall be my wife, thought I.

I think I wished, I almost hoped,
'Twould be the blonde I met,
Then changed my mind and earnest prayed
It might be the brunette.

Their mother met me at the door,
The gas was not yet light,
And ushered me into a room
Where all was dark as night.

And Maud—it surely must have been,
Who said, "How do you do?"
Then as I pressed her little hand
I thought she pressed mine too.

This brought me promptly to the point
The darkness helped, I guess,
I asked the question, and, O bliss!
She softly murmured "Yes."

Two peals of laughter from the hall
Set my brain in a whirl,
A flood of light discovered me
Clasping their sewing girl.

The blonde and the brunette came in
And wished us both much joy,
"How did it end?" I'll whisper it,
I married her, my boy.

And, let me tell you, many a gem
Worth winning you may find,
At honest service who would grace
A home of any kind.

The years since then have prove my choice
To be both wise and good,
For she's a perfect model now
Of wife and motherhood.

Mabel and Maud are still unwed,
No one has sought to rob
Their mother of those o'ver girls
Who planned that put-up job. J. SHILAY.

Life's Clouds.

For Saturday Night.

She went away in the morning,
When the sun rose over the lake.
The trembling trees in the garden
Shed their dew-tears for her sake;
But the sky was bright and the flowers—
The world seemed happy then.
She went away in the morning
And never came back again.

The light of a May-day dawning
Shone out of her eyes of blue,
And her brow and cheek, like the flowers,
Were fresh with the morning dew.
A light good-bye and a hasty kiss,
A smile, and beyond our ken
She passed lightly out in the morning
And never came back again.

A cloud came over the morning—
Came over the bright, blue skies,
Chilling the soul with its shadow,
Dimming the joy-bright eyes;
And hearts that were light as the zephyr
Grew leaden with sorrow, when
She went away in the morning
And never came back again.

Alas! for the summer morning,
Of its glories ruthless shorn!
Tears for the maiden fallen
In her sweet life's sunny morn!
Woe for the visions faded
And the shattered hopes of men,
When the dreams of life's bright morning
Come never back again. VAN.

Noted People.

The Empress Frederick and her daughters have laid aside their weeds, and drive about Windsor dressed in monks' brown, with hats, gloves, and shoes to match.

Dr. Aimee Raymond, daughter of that brilliant journalist, the late Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, is a successful practising physician in New York city.

Gladstone makes it a rule never to travel on Sunday, and ex-Governor Curtin makes it a rule never to travel on any other day if it can be avoided. Both have lived to a ripe old age.

The mother of Oscar Wilde, who has written verses that have been admired in England, will henceforth receive an annuity from the British Crown, her name having been placed on the pension list.

A young Russian noble, the Baroness Loubanowski, is going to ride from St. Petersburg to Odessa, 1,500 miles, to win a bet and to break the record which was set some years ago by the Austrian Archduchess Maria Theresa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, who first brought to America from Germany the kindergarten method of teaching children, is still living in Boston. She is eighty-seven years old, but retains much of her interest in educational matters.

At her wedding, Dorothy Tennant wore silver-leather shoes, with diamond buckles. The new silver low shoes, with Rhine-stone buckles, that have just come from a London firm, are known in trade as the "Dorothy Tennant."

Gen. Booth, encouraged by the obedience that met his command that no member of the Salvation Army below the rank of captain should marry, has issued another order to the effect that all privates who are caught smoking in future shall be debarred from promotion.

One interesting fact about the sons of John Bright is that they have learnt the art of weaving by hard, practical experience. It was a rigid principle with the deceased Tribune that his sons should learn how to work at the loom as their father had done before them, and for years they went regularly to the mill at Rochdale like ordinary factory hands.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton is a sad and lonely woman, with silver streaked hair, a care-worn face, and stooped figure, who frequents Lincoln Park, in Chicago, with her grandchildren. Every pleasant morning in the year she goes to the pleasure-ground, but is seldom recognized, and never seen speaking to anyone. She lives with her married daughter.

Capt. Ebenezer Morgan, popularly known as "Rattler" Morgan, who died a few days ago, took into Philadelphia some famous cargoes. One of these was after a whaling trip to Greenland in 1864, when he brought home oil that is said to have sold for nearly $150,000, and another, a sealing trip to Alaska, that netted more than twice that to the parties concerned.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, according to an article in *Lippincott's* found the originals of her Topsy and Black Sam among the freed house servants of two southern families living in Cincinnati. The writer, who was a member of one of the families, declares that she has often seen Mrs. Stowe sitting a whole summer afternoon out watching the young blacks playing with the children of their employers.

Signor Crispi has managed to offend his Royal Mistress, and so great is the Queen's ire that she has thrice deliberately absented herself from the royal dinner table when the Premier has been invited there. Of course the subject in dispute was the question of the marriage of the Prince of Naples. The Queen has never forgiven the decision which prohibits her son marrying into a Catholic reigning family.

The Empress of Russia, who, as the Princess Dagmar, was one of the royal beauties of Europe, is now said to be so thin and haggard that the friends who have not seen her in half-a-dozen years do not recognize her. Since her accession she has lived in continual terror of assassination, either for herself or for her husband and son; or in the still more grim companionship of the fear that his consciousness of perpetual danger would unsettle the Emperor's wits.

Mrs. Charlotte Fowler Wells is president of the Fowler & Wells Publishing Co., and the only surviving member of an organization founded by her brothers, the well-known phrenologists, more than half a century ago. Mrs. Wells, who is now seventy years of age, successfully conducted the establishment through a period of great financial depression, during the war, and, until lately, has read the manuscripts and proofs of all the books and periodicals bearing the imprint of her house.

Herbert Spencer, the greatest philosopher of the age, is now seventy years old. He is unmarried, lives alone in a boarding house, and has but few intimate friends. Contrary to the usual idea, he is not a University man; and although one of the greatest thinkers of the world, he is not widely read, as he pays little attention to his literary style, writing frequently in an incomprehensible vein. He hardly makes enough from his books to support his life of extreme simplicity. He has always been more or less of an invalid.

It seems to be accepted as a fact in Washington that the Vice-President has three beautiful and complicated wigs. The first wig is short, the second is of an average length, and the third gives an absolutely triumphant illustration of hair which has been allowed to grow too long. It is said that the surest way to Mr. Morton's heart is to remind him that his hair needs cutting. One should always be careful, however, to make this remark when the Vice-President is wearing wig No. 3.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is the possessor of diamonds the total collection of which, set and mounted, is estimated at fully fifty thousand dollars. On the day of her marriage she received a magnificent ring and a necklace of solitaires from her husband, and diamond pins for her hair from Secretary and Mrs. Whitney; but the first diamond ring she ever possessed was given to her by one of her Buffalo friends. It was a tiny little star of diamonds, and she wore it upon her little finger the day she became Mrs. Cleveland. Since this time, upon birthdays and at Christmas, Mr. Cleveland has always presented his wife with diamonds. The unset stones of Mrs. Cleveland's collection are not very large, and some of them are a little off color. The unmounted gems are arranged in little cabinets of inlaid wood, and the cabinets are provided with little nests of cotton, and in them the diamonds rest. Each nest has its number, and the memorandum-book tells, after each number, the time and place of purchase, besides the value of the stone.

Walt Whitman is reported to have made his will and placed it in the hands of a lawyer in Camden, N. J., who has no idea of its contents. It is not to be opened until after the poet's death. Whitman can have, as everybody knows, nothing of pecuniary value to leave to anyone; but still much interest is felt in the character of the document, which must be rather queer. Though eminently American in his opinions, feelings and sympathies, he has not reflected the views or habits of his countrymen, as they are commonly regarded, in respect to money. This, indeed, has never given him any concern—not half as much as it ought to have given him, in fact. He has never earned anything regularly, except for a few years, when he was in one of the departments in Washington. The largest sum he ever accumulated was $60, and he scarcely knew how he got that. Most of his life he has been what might be styled an observant ruminating vagabond, willing to give when he had anything, and equally willing to receive. A great many persons are averse to considering him a poet, but nearly everybody will agree that he is a philosopher, of an eccentric order, perhaps, but cheerful, humane, cosmopolitan, optimistic. However his mind may be rated, it is certainly original, even unique, and originality is one of the marks of genius.

John Russell Young, describing Lincoln at Gettysburg, says he followed Edward Everett, who had spoken for two hours in a clear voice and with carefully studied and impressive delivery. "It was like a great actor playing a great part. Mr. Lincoln arose, walked to the edge of the platform, took out his glasses and put them on. He bowed to the assemblage in his homely manner, and took out of his pocket a page of foolscap. In front of him was a photographer with his camera, endeavoring to take a picture of the scene. We all supposed that Mr. Lincoln would make rather a long speech—a half-hour at least. He took the single sheet of foolscap, held it almost to his nose, and in a high tenor voice, without the least attempt for effect, delivered the most extraordinary address which belongs to the classics of literature. The photographer was bustling about preparing to take the President's picture while he was speaking, but Mr. Lincoln finished before the photographer was ready. I remember it was a beautiful October day, and there were four or five thousand people present. Very few heard what Mr. Lincoln said, and it is a curious thing that his words should have made no particular impression at the time. The noticeable thing was the anxiety of all on the platform that the photographer should be able to get his picture. I remember we were all very much disappointed at his failure, and were more interested in his adventure than in the address."

Back Where They Used to Be.

Pap's got a patent right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back to where we used to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
To see us in this great, big house, with carpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen, and the city! city! city!—
And nothing but the city all around us everywhere!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree;
And right here, in earshot of at least a thousand people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where the latch string's a-hangin' from the door,
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses—the whole kit and bilin'
A drivin' up from Shallow Ford, to stay the Sunday through,
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out at Lizy Ellen's like they used to do!

I want to see the piece quilts that Jones girl is makin',
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
And joke about the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to rave his land.

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where's nothin' aggravatin' any more,
She's always safe in the wood around the old location—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and help her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me how he's growin'
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower Eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried—for
His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy,
As she reads his letters over, writ from the war.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY in the *Pioneer Press*.

The English in South America.

The Germans are ousting the English merchant from Brazil and driving him to the wall in the cities of the Plate. But the English sovereign still reigns supreme, and for many years to come the South American republics will have to depend upon British capital for their development. The Italian pedler may cease to sell English yarns; the *gaucho* may get his *poncho* from Frankfort instead of Manchester, as he does to-day; German and Portuguese merchants and French shopkeepers may close their doors to the manufactures of Birmingham, Bradford and Sheffield; England may cease to send her coal to Brazil, and the Union Jack may no longer be seen in the ports of the Plate—still the sovereign will be there, and so long as it remains English influence will be predominant.

The Anglo-Indian has a theory that the only way to retain the Indian Empire is to treat the natives as inferior beings. The Englishman in South America appears to hold the same theory with regard to the Brazilians and Spanish-Americans. They look down upon the natives from an imaginary pedestal they have raised, and treat them as if they were dirt under their feet. And yet it is less than a hundred years ago that the red-coated veterans of the Peninsular War were driven out of Buenos Ayres by the natives. It was a Frenchman, the Comte de Liniers, who led the *estancieros* and *gauchos* to victory. The French, however, gained nothing by their countryman's gallantry. Three years later the markets of the Plate were flooded with English goods, and the supercilious Britisher began to pour in.

The French are the most popular foreigners in South America. Every educated South American speaks French, and as a rule fluently. He rarely even understands English, though of late years he has made an attempt to do so. It is to Paris and not to London that the wealthy Brazilian and Argentine go to spend their wealth. It is to France they look for their literature. It is the Paris journalists who have modelled their newspapers. Their fashions come from the boulevards. Their theories of government are those of Comte. Yet in spite of this Francomania the French have scarcely done anything for their South American admirers except to supply them with shopkeepers and Basque *peons*.

The South American Englishman rarely mixes with the natives save during business hours. If he marries a Brazilian lady, a Portena or an Oriental he is considered by his countrymen to have lost caste. His children are treated almost as pariahs. It is a common thing to hear an Englishman say, "The Anglo-Brazilian and the Anglo-Argentine are worse than the natives." The Englishman goes home to marry. His wife knows not a word of the language spoken in her new home. She has to depend upon her servants, who cheat her right and left. The climate does not suit her. Her housekeeping troubles worry her. She grows discontented and peevish and ends by quarrelling with all her countrywomen. It is a common saying that the English society of a South American town is broken up into as many cliques as there are Englishwomen in it. The few American women to be found cling together much more closely than their English cousins do, and by their tact manage to keep out of these Anglo-Saxon squabbles and to be on good terms with the Anglo-American colony.

A great deal more charity exists among the Englishmen in Brazil than among their wives and daughters, but even in Rio de Janeiro they have no social club, and society can hardly be said to exist in the English colony there. Possibly the yellow fever, which plays terrible havoc nearly every summer among the young Englishmen engaged in banks and merchants' offices in the seaports of Brazil, may be responsible for this sympathetic feeling among the male sex. Each one knows his turn may come next, and that it is upon his fellow-clerks he must depend for that watchful nursing which alone can save him. The devotion shown by these young fellows to one of their number who is down with the scourge is quite touching. In the majority of cases they become in their turn victims of the fever, and in 1889 so fatal did it prove to the English colony in Brazil that the English banks had to refuse business and for some days many of them were closed.

The majority of the Englishmen in Brazil belonged to the lower middle class in their own country. Fortune has raised their social position, but has not assisted them in their struggle with the aspirate.

A new English chaplain was expected at a certain town in Brazil. His name was Hines. "More trouble in store for A. and B.," said an American when he heard the chaplain's name. A. and B. were the two most prominent railroad men in the town, but they were very shaky about their h's. The American's remark was not understood by the Englishman he made it to, and he confided to another Englishman that the Rev. Mr. Hines was going to cause trouble among the railroad men. The story of course did not lose by being repeated, and when Mr. Hines arrived to take charge of his cure he was given the cold shoulder, as the news had preceded him that he was a disciple of John Burns, the English agitator, and that he was going to organize a strike among the men employed on the railway. It was some time before he discovered that his cool reception and small congregation were due to the joke an American had perpetrated about an h.

As the Plate is a refuge for scamps from all over the world, the respectable Englishmen there are as suspicious about newly-arrived Englishmen as the Americans of reputation are about the latest importations from the United States. They are more sociable among themselves than in Brazil, and have an excellent club in Buenos Ayres.

There are a great many English *estancieros* in the Plate, mostly men of good family and of some means. Nearly all the railroads belong to English companies, and all the employes, even to the station masters, are English. The English *estanciero* usually builds a home modeled after an English country-house, but adapted to suit the climate. He has his English butler and footman, his English coachman, and stablemen. English cook and maidservants. He shoots over his broad acres, and if he is near enough to Rosario hunts regularly with the fox-hounds. He imports English ideas with him to such an extent that he puts on a dress suit for dinner, and his wife appears at the table in demi-toilette, although they may be fifty miles from a railroad station. In fact, he lives the life of an English squire.—*The Illustrated American.*

He Was Evidently Mad Clear Through.

A hayseed who had evidently been pulled up from the soil where his feet had to all appearances rooted, caused commotion on a northern train one day lately. In spite of all warning he had boarded a "special," which did not stop at his hole-in-the-ground. He got real mad when a passenger, with a great big smile, informed him that he could not alight at his destination. He muttered something about "gittin' the bulge on the darned train," and sunk back in his seat.

He looked desperate; but only murmured to himself. His jaws worked mechanically on a huge mass of the weed and he was evidently having a catch as-catch-can with a ponderous idea.

Like a picture in the distance his abode appeared, growing larger and larger. With a grand swoop he went for the bell rope. One twang of the gong in the locomotive was sufficient to rupture the bell rope, make the engineer's hair stand on end and cause a sudden application of the air brakes with anything but a perfectly harmonious result in the coaches. The train paused forcibly. "Hear me!" yelled the noble-blooded tiller of the soil. "If this durned railroad can't stop its trains where Josh Gazzam wants to get off, we'll see." With a wild leap he sprang to the nearest door with his agricultural carpet bag and dropped to terra firma. After sprinkling a bunch of grass and wild roses with several gills of tobacco extract, he again broke out to the conductor, trainmen and passengers who were watching him. He was evidently mad clear through and could not understand why the train was not scheduled to pause at his humble domicile. "I'm thru with you," he shouted: "If you don't want me to hit you with mud, git. When you call the bulge on me, darn me, I'll eat yer train, engine and all." The train moved on, and Josh trod towards home.—*Utica Observer.*

An August Vacation Episode.

"Maud, I should like to know the meaning of this reception."

"Mr. Hazard, you shall!" answered the proud country girl, freezingly. "I have found you out, sir. That is all!"

"What do you mean, dearest?"

"Don't come near me, sir! Stay on the other side of that table. I have found out that you have been amusing yourself at my expense."

"For heaven's sake, Maud, explain!"

"I know I am freckle-faced, sir," she said, with flashing eye, "but I did not think you capable of joking about it with your friends."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, Maud!" protested the young man.

"You have, sir! After you had—had proposed to me last night and I—I had said yes and you had gone, I overheard you telling Mr. Bellchamber out there on the front porch what glorious fun it was to go into the mountains in August and catch speckled beauties."—*New York Mercury.*

Magnanimity.

The magnanimous man will be a great man intrinsically—that is, he will have something within him that will raise him above what is petty and trifling. In everything he will prefer the greater to the less, the higher to the lower, the better to the worse. And this he will do not so much from a sense of duty and by a self-denying effort as from a simple love and preference for the good. If, for instance, he is to choose between a successful stroke of business and a truthful statement, he cannot hesitate; all his impulses tend to the latter, as the greater of the two satisfactions. If he must decide between personal comfort or ease and the helping of a neighbor in distress, his warm sympathies forbid a moment's doubt. If he is offered some much-prized luxury in exchange for a little meanness of conduct, he refuses it with scorn. Such things are no temptation to him, because his mind at once gauges their comparative unworthiness, and his heart recoils from them.

The Short Story of an Un-Responded-to Request.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

MASCOT.—See Athos.

YUM YUM.—Vivacity, ambition, thoughtlessness and mirth.

KANSAS GIRL.—Suspicion, carelessness and sensitiveness are shown by your writing.

JOHN FARQUHARSON.—Sincerity, generosity, tenderness and good business ability.

BELLE BRENTON and COQUINE.—Impulse, vivacity, sympathy, resolution and wifulness.

RUBY, Lindsay.—Writing shows selfishness, resolution, perseverance, vanity and order.

JESSE JAMES.—Decision, pride, energy, reserve and sincerity are marked in your writing.

F. G. B.—Selfishness, obstinacy, merriment, order and caution are displayed by your writing.

HOPE.—Cheerful, generous, frank and simple in tastes, ambitious and blessed with good judgment.

EVANGELINE P.—Your writing shows good executive ability ingenuousness, cordiality and hasty temper.

MILDRED.—You are, in all probability, vivacious, ambitious, a voluble talker, merry-hearted and sincere.

MIDGE.—Sympathy, sensitiveness, generosity, simplicity of taste and extreme frankness are marked by your writing.

MADGE.—Delicacy of feeling, a generous nature, indecision and cheerfulness are prominently exhibited in your writing.

GYPSY.—Your writing indicates fondness of approbation, impulsive temperament, strong self-will and inclination to be moody.

W. J. M.—Indecision, flippancy, carelessness and self-will are the most prominent traits of character exhibited by your writing.

CARELESSNESS.—You are, I should think, candid, genial, easily wounded, rather too impulsive, ambitious, but not decidedly persevering.

SWEETHEART.—You are, I think, very gentle in manner, quiet in disposition, thoughtful and inclined to keep the sunny side of life turned towards you.

URIAH HEEP, Hamilton.—Do you know I never dreamed that any of the humble man's descendants lived in Hamilton? Your writing displays much self-will, some carelessness, generosity and amiability.

SCOTT.—Your writing shows much earnestness, order, self-esteem, good judgment, a practical nature and cheerfulness. 2. It was quite sufficient and conducted with the utmost nicety with regard to the request.

NAN.—Strictly speaking it should have been returned before, but the hot weeks may with safety be counted out of social comings and goings. Writing shows moody disposition, self-esteem, carelessness, pride and resolution.

ATHOS.—You are doubtless very energetic, charitable, vivacious, of good business ability and marked ambition. There is a dash and sparkle about your conversation, and I think your friends can depend on you for sincerity and sympathy.

TRIXIE, Montreal.—You were disappointed regarding last week's page, but it could not be helped for I have just opened your letter. The writing shows precision, variability, earnestness in life and thought, sensitiveness beneath an outer reserve, and a wealth of tenderness.

GRETCHEN.—Did your letter accompany that of your friend? If so it may have been unnoticed, for so often I discover a request for delineation hidden away inside of a sheet. I come upon some of these quite by accident. This writing indicates geniality, perseverance, firmness, candor, self-esteem and order.

ISELDA, Orillia.—Wash your face with warm water rubbing over it a little dampened almond meal. Rinse off with cold water and follow the rinse by a cold dash. This treatment should insure an opening of the pores, a thorough cleansing and stimulation to the flesh, while skin which induces color. 2. Writing shows order, self-reliance, individuality, frankness and ambition.

LAILA.—How could I advise you when I do not know your tastes? Some of us prefer the bustle and excitement of hotel life, some the quiet of a mountain farmhouse, others the tent pitched by lake or river, while many seek recreation and new mental life from an ocean voyage. Try any one of these, and with a mind disposed for taking the pleasurable you will surely be invigorated.

LORNA.—I gave you a delineation of handwriting in issue of August 2. 2. I think your temperament is such that you would be exacting and jealous. 3. From the way you spoke regarding the other matter I concluded that you were the interested party. If not I like you better. For the eyelashes use an ointment made of one ounce of vaseline and one grain of red oxide of mercury.

M. E. MCM., Oshawa.—You write very sensibly of your ambition. Genius, you know, is aptly defined to be "an unlimited capacity for hard work," so keep at it. You will find that progress is slow but almost always sure. Try any paper or magazine which uses the kind of matter you have prepared, and do not be discouraged if postage stamps form a large item in your cash account for a little while.

KITTIE C., Cincinnati.—You must not call Toronto "quiet," Kittie. We cannot allow that at all. Am glad you sent the papers there. Do not talk of affairs so far in the past as the Carnival. We prefer the living, breathing present. 2. Pretty blue eyes should be quite successful. 3. Write again, certainly, if you think I can help you any. 4. Writing shows some egotism, strong self-will, a cheerful disposition, some flippancy and ambition.

BLIND FATE.—You have revealed the identity of your friend. To me it is sad, and yet I cannot see why life should be all dark, or why the strong will cannot be brought to bear on circumstances, and make them yield in spite of all a happy and useful life. The husband's love should cover his faults to a great extent. Ideals are flimsy things, whose good qualities prove wings which lift them away from earth. They do not exist in the flesh.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER, Omaha.—So your school life was lived out in Toronto. I am glad that you still take an interest in Canadian people and papers. Your guesses amuse me, immensely. Thank you for your kindly expressed wish, but am much afraid you would be disappointed. 2. Your writing shows a kind, a kindly and generous nature, much tenderness, a hasty temper and fondness of approbation. Write me whenever you think I can be of service. 3. The enclosed shows much firmness, ambition, practical ability and sympathy.

INCOGNITO, Welleslley.—If the hair be too oily a thorough washing with water to which a tablespoon of cloudy household ammonia has been added, will correct that disorder. Brush it well, giving the regulation one hundred strokes at a brushing and rub the scalp with the finger tips lightly and with a circular motion. 2. Blushing is often the result of exaggerated self-consciousness. Do not find fault with pretty little blushes. They are universally becoming. Get the great realm of color you require. Apply them according to directions accompanying them.

GRETCHEN NO. 2.—I have already answered one Gretchen, but you will likely be able to distinguish your answers. 1. Your writing shows earnestness, firmness, good intuitive perception, delicacy of feeling, sensitiveness and loquacity. 2. Freckles usually come to stay. Different people recommend various preparations, and you may use buttermilk, lemon juice, grated horse-radish and sour milk, or any of the advertised lotions with about the same success. The spots may be removed but the constitutional conditions which produce freckles remain unaltered and old Sol kisses them back the next sunshiny day.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

VIOLET RETURNS TO AMERICA.

Meanwhile the kind-hearted peasant girl, Lisette, feeling as if she had suddenly been changed into another being by some good fairy—and she certainly looked like a different person, clad as she was like a lady—was walking at a swinging pace toward Mentone, and—her doom.

She intended to walk until the day began to dawn, and then beg a ride to Monaco in one of the market carts which made daily trips from the country to that city.

It was still very dark, and the road, which lay up a steep hill, was very narrow, and ran dangerously near the cliffs which overhung the sea.

The girl had worked very hard the previous day, while she had slept none that night, for she had been too much excited, over the thought of leaving her home, to rest, and she now began to experience a feeling of weariness and languor stealing over her. It was the reaction coming on, while added to that was a feeling of dread and loneliness over the uncertainty of the future.

More than this, she found the boots, which Violet insisted must go with the rest of her cast off clothes, were too tight to be comfortable, and this greatly impeded her progress.

She climbed to the top of the cliffs and there sat down by the roadside upon a huge boulder, where she had rested many a time before, to recover herself a little before going on.

The stone was an irregular one, with a projection which formed a support for her back, and leaning against this she was overcome by weariness before she knew it and fell into a sound sleep.

It did not seem as if ten minutes had elapsed since she sat down, though in reality it was more than half an hour, when the sound of a galloping horse aroused her.

She started to her feet, a cry of terror and dismay breaking from her. It was still so dark that she could see nothing any distance away, but the sound of that swiftly advancing horse made her heart beat with fearful throbs.

Was it some pursuer coming in search of her?

Had her flight been discovered at home, and was her tyrannical step-father coming to force her back into wearisome servitude? or, worse yet, to sell her to another man equally brutal and unkind?

She started to flee, but, not being able to clearly distinguish the road, while she was sadly bewildered by having been so suddenly aroused from her sleep, she turned in the wrong direction and made straight for the edge of the cliff.

It was very strange—as familiar as she was with every inch of the ground between her home and Mentone—that she should have become so confused and lost as to her location, and it was only when she caught the ominous sound of the washing of the waves against the rocks below that she became conscious of her danger.

But she was rushing at such headlong speed she could not save herself; a low shuddering cry of terror burst from her lips as she suddenly lost her balance; there was a short interval of silence, followed by a heavy splash in the waters below, then the waves closed over the unfortunate girl, and the ocean held the secret of her fate, as well as of Violet's mysterious disappearance.

The cliff was very high at that point, and projected considerably over the sea, which was very deep just there.

The girl sank at once to the bottom, and, her clothing probably becoming entangled among the rocks, her body was held down for many weeks, and only disturbed and washed far below to the point where the fishermen had found it after a storm of unusual violence.

It was, of course, unrecognizable, but every article which she wore tended to prove that she was Vane Cameron's affianced bride. As such he claimed her, without a doubt as to her identity, and, as we already know, laid her to rest beneath the shadow of the venerable beech in one corner of the cemetery at Nice.

Lisette's parents never once suspected what her fate had been.

Upon discovering that she had fled, her iron-hearted master had started in search of her, vowing that she should pay dearly for daring to run away from him, and the future that he had planned for her.

He learned that a peasant girl, answering to her description, had boarded the westward-bound train at the village, in the early morning, and had left it again at Nice.

He hastened thither at once, and was told that such a girl had been seen in the waiting room of the station; but farther than that he could get no trace of her, and was finally obliged to return to his home, where, upon the other members of his family, he vented the disappointment and anger over the loss of such valuable help.

The mother, who was far superior to her husband in every way, grieved long and bitterly over the loss of her first born, but it was many months before she learned the truth regarding her untimely end.

Violet's journey to Paris was accomplished with very little weariness and nothing of incident. Her first business upon reaching the French metropolis was to go to a lady's furnishing house, where she purchased a simple but comfortable outfit, after which she proceeded to a respectable *pension* which she had heard highly recommended by some Americans whom she had met in London.

It was fortunate that she had a liberal supply of money in her possession. She had never been stinted, for it was supposed, as she was the heir to a large fortune, and a certain income was paid to her quarterly. Since she had been joined by her sister and her husband, she had not had occasion to use much money, as Mr. Mencke had settled all her bills, and she had several hundred dollars in her possession at the time of her flight.

This fact, together with the discovery that she could find a very safe and pleasant home for a time in the *pension* where she was stopping, somewhat changed her original plan of returning directly to America, and she resolved to remain in Paris a while for the purpose of perfecting herself more fully in French, and also to take a few finishing lessons in music, for she had determined to make use of these branches in supporting herself in the future.

She threw her whole heart into her work and few people would have recognized in this grave, studious girl, the bright, laughing, care-free Violet who had been such a favorite among her friends in Cincinnati the year previous.

She put herself under the best of teachers, and made the most of her time and opportunities; thus nearly four months slipped by, and then she resolved to go home to America.

It was the last of September when she left Paris for London, where she remained several days to make preparations for her voyage, before proceeding to Glasgow to take the steamer, she having decided to sail from there, because she could obtain a comfortable passage at cheaper rates on the Anchor line, and it was now becoming necessary for her to husband her funds a little.

It was the fifth of October when she left London for Glasgow, and it was her face that Wallace had seen looking from that carriage window as he was detained for a few minutes by a blockade in the street.

Violet, however, was wholly unconscious of her proximity to her lover—or her husband, as we now know him to be. She was deeply absorbed in her own thoughts, and was gazing at nothing in particular; therefore, the carriage that she was in had passed Lord Cameron's without her having a suspicion that she had attracted the attention of any one.

She was driven on to the Midland Grand station, where she took a train for Glasgow, and that evening boarded the steamer for New York, where she arrived eleven days later—three days after the return of Wallace, who had sailed on a faster vessel.

One can imagine the astonishing of the loneliness and desolation which this young and delicately reared girl experienced upon finding herself adrift and an utter stranger in that great city and with but little money in her purse.

She longed to learn the circumstances of Wallace's supposed death, her grief and remorse had been newly aroused on returning to her native land.

She had known before leaving for Europe that he had received an offer of partnership with some New York architect; but he had not mentioned the name of the gentleman before she left, and not having received any of his letters she did not know whether he had closed with the offer, and therefore did not know where to go to make any inquiries relative to his movements after her departure.

She dare not go to Cincinnati to ascertain—she dare not write to ask anything about him, for she was determined that her sister should not know where she was. She had become entirely alienated by her unkindness, and felt that she would much prefer to toil for her daily bread than to go back to her and be subject to her arbitrary control again.

"There are hundreds of girls as young as I, even younger, who have to support themselves and I believe I am just as capable of earning my own living," she mused, considering her future. "At any rate I am determined to make the trial, and if I find I cannot earn a living there will be time enough then to appeal to the court to appoint a different guardian for me, and demand my money from Wilhelm."

The poor child had yet to learn that there was no money to demand.

She found a quiet, respectable boarding-place a few days after her arrival in New York, and then took time by the forelock, by inserting the following advertisement in two of the daily papers:

"A LADY, JUST RETURNED FROM EUROPE AND FEELING called to teach music and French, would like a few pupils. Address H., at this office."

Two days thereafter Violet received a single letter in answer to her advertisement, and it read thus:

"If H. will call at No. — Fifth avenue, she may learn something to her advantage."

Violet was greatly disappointed at receive only one response; but she argued that one pupil might open the way for others; so she dressed herself with have to care, took her music roll under her arm, and made her way to the address mentioned.

"No — Fifth avenue" proved to be a palatial residence, with the name Lawrence gleaming in silver letters upon the door, and Violet's heart sank a little as she mounted the marble steps, for she feared that she might not be competent to teach in an aristocratic family such as doubtless inhabited this elegant mansion.

Her ring was answered by a colored servant, in livery, to whom she stated her errand, giving him her card, whereupon she was ushered into a reception-room upon the right of a magnificent hall.

Everything about her bespoke unlimited wealth, while the good taste displayed in the harmonizing tints of everything, the costly pictures, statuettes, bric-a-brac and curios.

Ten minutes elapsed. It seemed an age to anxious Violet; then the rich draperies of the archway leading into the hall were swept aside, and a tall, finely-made gentleman of perhaps fifty years entered her presence.

He was distinguished-looking, with clear-cut features, an intelligent, expressive eye, and a grandly shaped head; but there was a worn look on his brow, a sad and anxious expression on his face that bespoke care and sorrow.

"Miss Huntington, I presume," he remarked, bowing gravely yet courteously to her, as he glanced at the card which she had sent him by the servant.

"Yes, sir," Violet replied, and taking the letter, which she had received that morning, from her handbag, she passed it to him, while she added: "I have come to inquire if I am to find a pupil here. I judged that such must be the fact, since the letter was in response to my advertisement."

Mr. Lawrence did not reply immediately; he seemed to be studying the beautiful girl before him—her sad though lovely face, which was crowned with such a mass of gleaming gold; the graceful figure, in its simple but tasteful costume, while the small hand, so neatly incased in the perfectly fitting glove, and the little foot, in its natty walking-boot, did not escape his observation.

It was easy to perceive that he was favorably impressed by his fair visitor, for when he did speak, he was even more kind and courteous than before.

"I was impressed, Miss Huntington, when I read your advertisement, that you were a young lady in search of employment," he said; "and as I am also looking for some young lady to fill a vacancy, it occurred to me that, although you had advertised for 'pupils,' you might be persuaded—if we should be mutually pleased with each other—to devote yourself to one, provided the remuneration were sufficient."

"Ah! you are looking for a governess." Violet remarked, with a quiet smile, and in no wise displeased by the proposition.

"Not a governess, according to the common acceptation of the term," the gentleman returned, in a sad tone. "But let me tell you exactly how I am situated, and what I desire; then you can decide as to the desirability of the position. I have a daughter," Mr. Lawrence resumed, after a moment of thought, "who is in her twelfth year. She is blind—"

"Blind!" repeated Violet, in such a tender, sympathetic tone, and with such a compassionate glance that her companion's face lighted with a grateful smile.

"Yes," he answered, she was born totally blind. It is a peculiar case, and I have been told there is only one other on record like it. It is called cataract of the lens; but when my child was nine months old a noted oculist, whom we consulted in the matter, said an operation might be performed which would at least give her a portion of her sight. Of course, I was willing to do anything that would mitigate, even to the smallest extent, her heavy affliction. The cataract was punctured through the pupils, and she saw, very faintly at first, but, as time elapsed and the cataracts began to be absorbed, her sight strengthened somewhat. Her sight is very limited, however; she can see to get about the house, and distinguishes objects of any size with the aid of glasses, but not well enough to read, and whatever she learns is taught by reading aloud to her. She has a remarkable memory, as most blind people have, I believe, and she is extremely found of music, both vocal and instrumental. Do you sing, Miss Huntington?" Mr. Lawrence asked, suddenly breaking in upon his account of his little daughter's condition.

"Yes, sir, I have spent more time upon vocal culture than upon instrumental music," Violet responded, and this assurance drew forth a smile of approbation from her host.

"I have had many governesses for her," the gentleman resumed, "and she has spent two years in an institution for the blind, though for the last six months I have been obliged myself to teach her all that she has learned. And now I come to the most trying portion of my story," he added, a slight flush tinging his face. "I feel it is only right that I should be perfectly frank with you in the matter, and so feel obliged to tell you that Bertha possesses a very strong, an almost indomitable will, and there are times when she becomes wayward and unmanageable. She will not study, she will not practice, or do anything which she imagines is required of her; and thus, for a time, the whole household is in a most uncomfortable state; for while she refuses obedience to others, she is equally insistent upon requiring instant compliance with all her demands. When the fit passes she is again gentle, merry and lovable. Now, my object in sending for you, Miss Huntington, was, providing I was favorably impressed with you, to ask if you would consent to devote all your time to one pupil instead of several. The position will require a steady, persistent, even temperamented—one of mingled gentleness and firmness—and I believe I see lines of decision in your face; you have a strong will, have you not?"

"I have been told that I have," Violet replied, smiling, "but"—growing very grave again—"whether I possess firmness sufficient to cope with the will you have described, I can not say. I have never had any experience in the government of children; but I should say that tact would prove more effective in the management of your daughter than an obstinate insistence regarding obedience."

Mr. Lawrence's face lighted at this remark.

"That is the wisest observation that I have ever heard any governess make regarding the control of Bertha," he said. "Miss Huntington, will you make a trial of it for a while?"

Still Violet looked grave. She felt that the responsibility would be a great one, and she trembled for the result.

Yet her sympathies were enlisted both for this care-worn, perplexed father, and for his afflicted child, while, too, the idea of a permanent, pleasant home was an attractive feature to her.

"Money would be no object," Mr. Lawrence continued, as she did not reply, "if the right person could be obtained, and if you could but achieve a strong influence over the child and sway her by tact, or by any other method, I would gladly give you any price you choose to name. Somehow I feel impelled to urge you to come to us—the very fact that you hesitate to accept the position assures me that you are wise in the consideration of all projects."

(To be Continued.)

The Art of Pleasing.

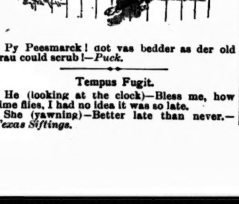
A modest and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confesses that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing-room where ladies were present without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign in a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen, who blush and stammer in the company of ladies; the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them.

You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your fair friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have known have never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good breeding but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you write this is a proof that you possess, or will soon acquire, the power to do so. The good heart and well informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed.

Besides, the ladies—that is, most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, O bashful, blushing youth, that, in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth—no more, no less. The art of pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as Caliban, all worthy women are pleased with.

Spiegelroth's Ruse.

Spiegelroth—Here vas dot loafer oh a cat on der bar again! Vell, I maige him hellup der fan ily.



How you likes it, a'reatty?

Py Peesmarck! dot vas bedder as der old frau could scrub!—*Puck.*

Tempus Fugit.

He (looking at the clock)—Bless me, how time flies, I had no idea it was so late.

She (yawning)—Better late than never.—*Texas Siftings.*

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THESE PREPARATIONS ARE FAMOUS AS THE ONES ENDORSED AND USED BY THE

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VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIALS

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Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's. Price, $1.50.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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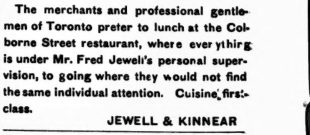

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101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Cheap.

Ikey—Take dot dog away. Ef he bite me I get the hydrophobia.

Gamin—Well, yer don't care as long as it don't cost yer nuthin', do yer?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Origin of He's a Brick.

The expression "He is a brick" is over 2 000 years old. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, 880 B.C., in showing his army of 10 000 men, pointing to them, said: "They are the wall of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

A Probable Explanation.

"I see that tourist parties are being held in some parts of the west," remarked Mrs. Cumso. "I wonder why they are so named?"

"Because they are bound to come off," replied Cumso.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Not Designed for Lovers.

He—I'm sure Cupid had nothing to do with arranging our alphabet.

She—What gives you that impression?

He—If he had been doing it he would have placed U and I much nearer each other.—*Chicago Post.*

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH."

Egerton found that he could not leave London as soon as he intended, and Colonel Callander's return further delayed him.

Callander constantly sought him, and constantly as he avoided Standish. The latter soon perceived this, and relinquished his visits to Prince's place, Kensington, although Callander continued to live at the hotel in Dover street, where he went on his arrival. Henrietta fully complained of Paul's enforced absence, and even remonstrated with her cousin both for feeling and showing such an unreasonable dislike. He replied so sternly, not admitting or refuting her accusation, but asserting his own liberty of action, that Henrietta was startled, and ran to consult Dorothy.

Dorothy thought that at present it would be useless and imprudent to contradict him. "We must induce him to come here as much as possible," she said. "His only chance of comfort is in taking an interest in the children, now they give him as much pain as pleasure. He almost shrinks from looking with them, I can see that. If he could only get accustomed to them, they would draw him from himself."

"You are right, I suppose you are right, but it is a great nuisance to lose Mr. Standish. He is so pleasant, able to tell one everything, and do everything one wants."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Callander was by no means an agreeable addition to their society. Her son could not be induced to stay in her house or pay her more than the briefest visits. This kept her in a state of chronic irritation, which Henrietta Oakeley's obstinacy, in setting up house with Dorothy, helped to increase.

If Henrietta openly avowed her acquaintance at being cut off from the society of Standish, Dorothy felt its loss far more deeply.

Her affection for him had grown calm and sisterly, she thought, yet his absence seemed to take away more than half her life. It frightened her to perceive how blank and desolate the world seemed without him. She had learn to live alone, without the constant soul-satisfying help and care of Paul Standish?

If so, she could not begin the cruel lesson too soon.

Egerton, meantime, betrayed to Paul's keen eyes a remarkable degree of impatience to get away. He was obliged to wait for one or two introductions to the local authorities in that part of Spain where he intended to pursue his researches, but so soon as he obtained these he would start. He was evidently reluctant to be with Callander, Standish thought, and counted the days until he could turn his back on London.

The day before he was to start, he was dressed to go out, and was giving some directions to his German valet Bauer when the door-bell rang.

"It is the detective Dillon, sir," said Bauer, returning. "I have asked him if this was all, while I was enquired whether you could see him."

"I do not want to see the fellow," exclaimed Egerton, "but I don't care to refuse. He is a d—d dangerous sneak. I'll not stay long, even if I am obliged to leave him in your hands. If I do, mind you don't let him turn you inside out, or pump you about what I said in my raves."

"He turn me inside out! Ah, well! that is not just very likely," returned the German with a sup'rior smile, as he left the room, and the next moment ushered in "Mr. Dillon."

"Ah, Mr. Dillon! To what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you?" said Egerton, stiffly, and still standing. "I am sorry to be obliged to go out, but I am somewhat pressed for time."

"So I suppose, sir. I heard you were going to do a bit of detective work in Spain, and I thought I'd just have a word or two with you before you started."

"All right, Mr. Dillon, pray speak."

"First and foremost, do you think you have much chance of tracking the chap you—that is to say—suspect?"

"I cannot say; I can but do my best," returned Egerton, walking to the fireplace, where he stood with his back to the light, as if he were uneasy under the keen steady glance of Dillon's ferret-like eyes.

"Well, you speak the language, sir, which is an advantage, but I have been over the ground and I don't think you'll find out what I couldn't."

"Do you speak the language?"

"No, sir, but I had a sworn interpreter with me."

"Every additional inquirer lessens your chances of discovery," returned Egerton. "I, at least, need no interpreter, moreover, I know the place and the people."

"True, for you, sir; I wish you had been able to come with me, together we might have done some thing."

"Come with me now," cried Egerton, "I'll stand all expenses.

Dillon looked down meditatively, a slight subtle smile playing round his lips, and after a minute's pause, said: "No, thank you, sir; I have a trifle of scent I'm hunting up here, and I'll do more good by staying where I am."

"Ah!" said Egerton—rather a quick "ah!" —something connected with that fellow who saw the man with a ladder?"

Dillon nodded.

"I don't see that that can lead to much," remarked Egerton.

"It may, or it may not," said Dillon, oracularly. "Mr. Standish sent for me and told me to see this seaman. I went over the ground with him, but what he has to say counts for very little—no, I fancy I have hold of another thread, a very slight one."

"Did you come to tell me about it?"

"Well, no, sir—not exactly."

"Then I am afraid I cannot wait. I have a lot of things to do, and—you'll excuse me!"

"Of course, sir, only if you don't mind I'll go outside and sit down a bit, I've turned giddy and faint-like in the last few minutes, fact is, I didn't get my usual breakfast this morning. There was some kind of bobbery in the house where I live, and I hadn't time to wait."

"Oh, sit down by all means, and my man shall give you a biscuit and a glass of wine. But I must bid you good morning. Here, Bauer," with a haughty bend of the head, Egerton passed out into the small entrance or passage of his apartment.

"Give him wine and biscuits," he said to his valet, "and be prudent. I do not quite know what he up to."

"Ach! you look very bad, my friend," exclaimed Bauer, coming back to Dillon after he had closed the door on his master. "I will give you something to do you good. What shall it be, sherry, cognac, moselle?"

"You are most obliging! I'll just take a glass of water with a sketch of cognac in it."

"Very well." The valet went across to where a richly ornamented liqueur stand stood on the sideboard, and produced the beverage chosen, leaving it to Dillon to compound his own mixture, observing "that schnap won't hurt you. Now, as it's not civil to let a man drink alone, I will accompany you," and he added a very strong "sketch" to his own glass of cold water.

"Ah! that quite sets me up," said Dillon, putting down his tumbler and smacking his lips. "Ain't you going with him?" pointing in a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the door.

"No; not this turn."

"How will he get on without you?"

"Anyhow, he thinks he can, and, truth to tell, he isn't what one might call very helpless for a gentleman like him. I'm not sorry, for I believe Spain is an ill-provided, uncomfortable country, ain't it?"

Dillon stared at him without speaking for a minute, and then ejaculated: "The divil's own hole of a place. But I suppose Mr. Egerton understands it and the people?"

"Ach! that he does. He knows most things and places. He is always going about; looking for queer things and collecting. The money he throws away is enough to feed a town."

"I just so. May I have a word?"

"Bless your soul, yes! I'll give you a prime one."

Silence ensued while they lit up.

"All them queer-looking daggers and swords and things hanging along there must have cost a power of money," observed Dillon, puffing diligently.

"They have. I've been with Mr. Egerton when he bought most of them."

"Just so! Now I have rather a taste for those kind of things myself. Some genuine beauty, 'rising and going over to touch a long, slender knife with an elaborately chased ebony and silver handle, and silver ornaments on its black leather sheath. "May I look at it?"

"Yes, to be sure," returned the accommodating valet. Dillon drew out the long, fine, keen, blue blade and felt the point. "It's a murderous weapon, for all its delicate lines. Where did he get this now?"

"Well, I wasn't with him when he got that, but I have heard him tell he bought it said at Damascus."

"I never saw anything quite like it," said Dillon, carefully examining the ornaments.

"I daresay not. Mr. Egerton had another almost exactly the same when he engaged me in Bombay, but he gave one of them away. He is a very free-handed gentleman."

"Is he now! Well, that makes things pleasant. Think of his giving such a beauty like this to a friend! I believe Attenborough would have given a small fortune for it. It must have been someone he was uncommonly fond of. Do you know what friend he gave it to?"

"Well, no! I can't say I do. It was either while we were in India or soon after we came back; for I remember when we were putting this place to rights, just before he was taken ill, and I asked him where the other eastern knife was (he calls it by some outlandish name), and he said: 'Don't you remember, I gave it away!' But I could not remember. Anyhow, we hung that short, broad dagger in its place to correspond."

"Well, I'm sure they are arranged elegantly—never saw anything better. No, not a drop! Many thanks, all the same!" as Bauer made a movement as if to fill his glass, and Dillon slowly thrust back the long, cruel-looking knife into its sheath, and with a lingering glance hung it in its place.

"And you can't think what became of the other?" he said, in a slow, reflective voice.

"No; I cannot. Why, Mr. Egerton was always giving things away to people who showed him attention, and that means nearly everyone he knows. When we were in London last winter, there was scarcely a day I was not carrying flowers and fruit and books and letters to this poor lady that was married and her sister, when they were living in quite a poor, insignificant house in Connaught square."

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Dillon. The men's eyes met significantly.

"It was all perfectly right," resumed the German, with great gravity. "All in the way of honorable friendship. Nice and unique gracious ladies never lived. They do say Mr. Egerton wanted to marry Miss Wynn. Well, he might or he might not; I never was quite sure. If he had been in real earnest, why from what I have seen and known of him, she would have been Mrs. Egerton by now."

"Maybe she wouldn't say yes," suggested Dillon.

The valet smiled incredulously. "He is not the sort of man women say 'no' to, I can tell you."

"Ay! that's true enough, I daresay; anyhow, your master and the ladies were regular chums!"

"They were that. It was a nice, peaceful time, regular as clockwork. Early to bed, breakfast at nine, no ratty suppers. I got a stone heavier in those months. We were not quite so steady when they were away at the seaside. You see, they went before the season was half over, and Mr. Egerton could not refuse all the invitations; besides, he did not seem able to keep quiet. Then there was racing to and fro. I was glad when we went down to stay. I am a peace-loving man, and I also love the beauty of the sea and sky, and—"

"Faith! you are a philosopher spoilt," interrupted Dillon. "It's making poetry and talking metaphysics you ought to be, instead of laying out coats and folding up trousers." There was a touch of contempt in his tone.

"Excuse me," returned the valet with dignity; "however humble one's work in life, one may cultivate the inner soul and dignity existence by—"

"Ah! just so; by lining your pockets. Yes, sea, I am spending too much before my time. It's always my way; I can't tear myself away from pleasant company. I feel a new man since you gave me that sketch of spirits. If you have time to come as far as Dale street, Pimlico, any evening about nine, I have a tidy lodging enough, and I'll be proud to smoke a cigarette with you; but I must be off now. Remember, 11A, Dale street, not ten minutes' walk from the Metropolitan station."

"You are very obliging. I shall be most happy—"

Dillon nodded. "Good day and good luck to you," he paused, turned, and added: "If you should happen to remember or find out what became of that Damascus dagger, you'll let me know? I have a client that would give a long price for it."

The German said something in reply, but Dillon did not listen. He closed the door quietly, and walked, with quick, firm steps out into Vigo street.

"I wonder what became of that knife," he thought, his eyes glittering with a mixture of triumph and cunning. "Ay! go to Spain if you like. The secret lies nearer home, Mr. Egerton. I believe I have nearly enough evidence to hang you, fine gentleman. It would pay better to have disguised your contempt of the detective you are obliged to use, instead of letting eyes and tones betray what you have done. Now, which line shall I take? Which will profit me most?"

Though Standish was quite willing to humor Colonel Callander's whim concerning himself to a certain length, he felt he must in justice to himself seek some explanation of the strange dislike Callander evinced. He would not submit to be banished from his ward.

He had called several times at the hotel where the colonel had established himself, but he was never at home. He therefore resumed his visits to Prince's place, and one day he succeeded in finding Callander alone in the dining-room, when the servants were out.

The colonel received him coldly, perhaps, but calmly, looking at him with a curious, interrogative stare.

"I am very glad to meet you at last, Callander," he said, in his usual frank, pleasant tones, "and alone—for I want you to tell me what I have done to deserve your displeasure—we used to be such chums, and now you avoid me! If I have unconsciously done anything to annoy or offend you, tell me, I am sure I can explain it—for—"

"I cannot tell you—not now," returned Callander. "There is a reason, and one day you shall fully understand it." These last words were spoken with the most deliberate emphasis, as if he wished to drive them into his hearer's mind. "I am unwell, and unequal to talk—to explain anything—you must not ask me." Something in the dull, desponding voice of the broken man before him moved Paul's infinite pity.

"Dou as you will, Callander," he said kindly, "I can afford to wait your time, for I know I have always been straight with you, and a quiet conscience—"

"Conscience!" repeated Callander, a sudden glare flaming out in his eyes, and then he laughed a wild, harsh laugh. "Oh, yes, your conscience is quite tranquil I daresay, but it will wake up by and by—Oh, yes!—I will wake it up. I will explain—will make force that you will not be able to resist conviction."

"The poor fellow is off his head!" thought Standish, "grief and horror have been too much for him! Well, I will let your time, Callander," he said aloud, very gravely. "I have faith in you, if you have not in me!—when you are in your right mind, and you will hear me."

"Ha! You want to make me out a lunatic, you and my mother!" cried Callander furiously.

"You misinterpret me, Callander. I meant when I used the expression 'right mind,' your unprejudiced mind. I will not force myself upon you any longer. I must, however, say that it is awkward and inconvenient to be separated, in consequence of your peculiar frame of mind towards me, from Dorothy, who has really no friend or guardian save myself."

"I do not want to separate you—you can come here and see her. What is it all to me?" he said with pitiable indifference.

"Very well, Callander, I will intrude no longer. Without another word Standish left the house.

It was a dry, grey day, and pleasant for exercise. He had walked for half an hour, on the problem of Callander's dislike and its consequence; so he crossed to Kensington Gardens, and entering by the small gate near the palace, walked leisurely under the leafless trees towards the round pond.

As to the cause of his friend's sudden prepossession against him, that did not perplex him long. His conscience being perfectly clear, he did not hesitate to attribute it to a certain effect of mental balance. The effect of illness in India had scarcely worn before this sudden blow fell upon him, then came several months' lonely wanderings, sufficient to account for much eccentricity; still there was nothing in his condition to forbid hope of complete restoration. But in the meantime, while under the influence of these hallucinations, he might do incalculable mischief. Who had a right to restrain him? Might he not be a serious affliction to Dorothy?—that delicate, sensitive, nervous creature, who had not yet recovered the frightful shock of her sister's awful death. How bright and strong she used to be!—even through her natural terrors she had possessed a degree of self-control which argued a brave spirit. If Callander eventually required restraint, and his children fell into his grandmother's keeping, Dorothy would be in a very desolate position. "For, of course," mused Standish, "Henrietta Oakeley will marry, may marry any day—then Dorothy will be homeless, and her means are too small to make her comfortable anywhere by mere paying! I wish I could get a sound professional opinion on Callander's mental and physical condition! But that I cannot do! The less he sees of me the better in his present state. I will ask Henrietta to do what she can with him! I wish they would go and spend a few months abroad—the children, Callander, all of them; Dorothy surely wants a change of scene, and I wish the ridiculous world would permit me to take the poor little girl under my own wing. It makes my heart ache to see how sad and drooping she looks. I wonder how long that fellow Dillon intends to keep up the farce of looking for the murderer? We have seen enough of his finding him! I fancy Mr. Dillon is making a good thing out of us; I cannot say I see any indications of his wonderful cleverness! There is something mysterious about Callander! By Gad! there's something mysterious about the whole business—an odd sort of uneasy doubt that the affair is not as simple as it seems at first sight grows upon me. Callander's objection to me can only be caused by temporary insanity, but Dorothy's profound inexplicable dislike to Egerton is inexplicable! She has something in her mind, too! I wish she would speak out to me!"

Here he was roused from his reflections by a child's hoop, which was bowled with some force against his legs, and, looking round, he recognized a little golden-haired creature in a black pelisse and hat.

"Ha, Dollie!" he exclaimed, "where is auntie?"

"Auntie is coming!" As she spoke Dorothy came round a clump of evergreens. The cold, clear air had given her color, and she looked a little more like her former self.

"This is a lucky rencontre, Dorothy!" cried Standish, taking the hand she held out. "I was thinking of you, and wishing to talk to you."

"Thanks! I am very glad too!" She looked up in his face with one of her old, quick, sweet glances. "Let us walk round by the Bayswater side to the ride and the monument. The days are so shining so fast we shall be late in light enough, and Mrs. HcHugh will take the children back."

To this Dolly objected, and the boy, who was now beginning to walk quite well, backed his sister vigorously. Standish and Dorothy linked arms and turned down the avenue. He resolutely set her face towards home, when they turned down a side path and escaped.

"I had an interview with Callander just now," began Standish, when they had walked a few paces in silence.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dorothy, turning to him with eager interest. "What did he say? How did he seem?"

"Most moody and unfriendly. He made mysterious allusions to my conscience, but I answered a very short time, for I saw my presence only irritated him, while reasoning was out of the question. He is under some hallucination."

"He is, indeed!" said Dorothy, with a sigh. "Paul, I am terribly uneasy about Herbert. I fear he is engaged—he is so mysterious. Sometimes he will have the children with him and almost shed tears over them. Sometimes he scarcely notices them, but sits silent and half asleep in his chair for hours. He rarely talks to anyone but Henrietta. What do you think of his state?"

"It is not right in any way! I wish you could get him to see some specialist for brain disease. I do not think he has been quite right since—since the terrible blow fell on him."

"Nor I. We quite dread Mrs. Callander coming when he is in the house. The sight of her seems to annoy him beyond endurance. And how well he was going on before dear Mabel's death!"

"Time may bring him around. He would be better anywhere than here. I wish he would take you all abroad to Pau or Biarritz for the rest of the cold weather."

"Would that do him good? I would rather not go so far away from you, Paul!"

"My dear girl, you would be all right with Henrietta Oakeley. She is really a capital woman. The more I see of her the more I see her value. Her flightiness is a mere surface coating; there is sound stuff below. And do you observe how serious interests and an unselfish care for others improve her very appearance? She is looking quite handsome. She has so much more expression!" cried Standish enthusiastically.

"She was always rather handsome," returned Dorothy, with great composure, "and I am sure she has been infinitely kind to me; but I imagine she will get tired of her life with us sooner or later."

"Why, you don't suppose she is going to sacrifice her whole existence to Callander and his children?"

"No, Paul, that would be too much to expect, though I shall only be too thankful to do so, if he will let me."

"My dear Dorothy," said Standish, coming closer, and drawing her hand through his arm, "you must not let yourself think that, because you have been robbed of the one you loved best in under circumstances of peculiar horror, life is therefore over for you at 19! Without any disloyalty to your sweet sister's memory, you will, I trust, have many happy days, and I shall yet enjoy such duties, contentedly though reluctantly, when I give you to some good fellow who has been lucky in softening that hard heart of yours. You will not be always as obdurate as you were to poor Egerton!"

Dorothy withdrew her arm quickly. "We need not speak of him," she said, in a low voice.

"Very well."

They walked on for a minute or two in silence, then Standish looked down into her face, drawing her eyes to him, as his always did, and thinking what a wonderful depth of expression there was in those dark-grey, wistful, holy eyes of hers, asked gravely, "You have some profound aversion to Egerton, the reason of which you do not choose to tell me, Dorothy?"

Still looking straight at him and growing a little pale, she said, steadily, "Yes, Paul."

"And will you never tell me?"

"I am not sure. Perhaps, one day—by-and-by, one day in the coming years—I may. I should like to tell you, but there are considerations which hold me back."

"Then you must take your own time. But, Dorothy, I think you might trust me."

"Trust you!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears of earnestness. "I would trust you with my life!"

"Give your life! My precious little ward, that is a big thing!" Something in his tone, his smile, brought back the color to Dorothy's cheeks, but she made no reply, and Standish changed the subject, they spoke on other topics for the remainder of the way.

(To be continued.)

"All Tickets Ready, Please!"

Three brother officers were traveling from Umballa to Delhi, where they had given polo during the afternoon. One of them, tired after the game, fell asleep on one of the seats. His pocket-book, which was stuffing a little out of his pocket, was promptly annexed by one of the others and transferred to his own pocket. When nearing Lahore his brother officer awoke the sleeping youth, saying:

"Now then, old man! Get up! Here we are!"

It was still broad daylight, and for some reason or other the train was pulled up some little way outside the station.

"All tickets ready, please!" shouted the ticket collector.

Two of our friends promptly found theirs, ready for the ticket collector when he should make his appearance. The third, however, was sitting a little out of his pocket, was promptly annexed by one of the others and transferred to his own pocket. When nearing Lahore his brother officer awoke the sleeping youth, saying:

"Now then, old man! Get up! Here we are!"

It was still broad daylight, and for some reason or other the train was pulled up some little way outside the station.

"All tickets ready, please!" shouted the ticket collector.

Two of our friends promptly found theirs, ready for the ticket collector when he should make his appearance. The third, however, was sitting; that pocket, here, there, everywhere, but could find no ticket.

"Good gracious! where is my ticket?" he said; "I know I had one right enough when I started; you fellows saw me get it, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes, you had it right enough," they said; "where on earth can you have put it?"

"I don't know, blessed if I do," he replied, in desperation.

"You'll have to pay the fare," said the others, consolingly; "it's not much."

"But I haven't a cent without me," he returned. Will you fellows lend me some dibs!"

Both said they were as high and dry as he was in regard to money.

"Tickets, please!" said the collector at last, quite close to the carriage.

"What the dickens shall I do!" said the ticket-less one.

"Oh! get under the seat," said the others; "quick! quick, man! here he comes!"

Under the seat little a shot went the man without a ticket. When the ticket collector came to the door three tickets were handed up.

"You have given me three tickets, sir," he said; "I see only two gentlemen; where is the third?"

"Oh! he's under the seat," they said, with the greatest nonchalance, as if it were an ordinary every-day affair.

"Under the seat!" echoed the ticket collector, in a tone of surprise; "what is he doing there?"

"Oh! he always travels under the seat," they said; "he prefers it!"

Whereupon the poor fellow crawled out from under the seat, in a terrible state of heat, and covered with dust and dirt, looking rather ashamed of himself.

A Nephew's Present to his Maiden Aunt.

A gentleman residing in Ceylon wished to make a present to a maiden aunt of his living in London; and he could think of nothing so suitable and likely to be a source of amusement to her as a mimic a small bird corresponding in appearance and size to our common blackbird, and rivalling the parrot in power of imitation.

Procuring a good specimen of the species fresh from the forest, he set a watch upon his tongue, avoiding all bad words, and taking careful in respect of grammer. Then, taking the bird on board a vessel about to sail for England, he gave it to the ship's cook, with a promise that if the bird was delivered into the hands of the lady with its vocabulary undefiled, a bonus of ten shillings would be forthcoming; whereupon the cook promised that the possible care of the bird—to nourish him and watch over his morals.

On the voyage the minor exercised a marked influence for good over one part at least of the vessel, and the cook's cuddy was a perfect hall of propriety, and in due course he received his ten shillings.

A few weeks passed, and then the gentleman in Ceylon received a letter from his aunt. She thanked him for his gift, but said she had been obliged to part with the minor—not, however, on account of the expressions he made use of, for the language was correctness itself; but she could not endure all day the long plaintive cries of "Steward!" with marvellous never-ceasing imitations of the distressful appliances for pacing the lips of passengers suffering from sea sickness.

The Future Richest Man in the World.

The young Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the Duke of Westminster, if he lives to inherit his patrimony will be the richest man in the world. When the fashionable section of London now known as Belgravia was but a sheep farm, the first marquis was leasing lots at ninety-nine years.

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Preparing for the Regular Dose of Confinement.

Last Monday night Major Morgan, superintendent of the Workhouse, was called by a violent ringing of the telephone bell, and, on responding, distinguished the voice of a man who, though young, has spent one-third of his life in the Workhouse for drunkenness.

"Is this you, Major?" came the inquiry across the line.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm George Foltz. Major, I've got a horrible jag on."

"Indeed?"

"You bet! It's a lulu and I'm goin' to have a bigger package before I'm done. I'm goin' to get blind drunk and take a ride in the patrol. Major, I'll be out to see you in the mornin'."

"You will!"

"Yes, I'm comin' out for three months, my reg'lar dose. But I'll have a devil of a time tonight. Good-by, Maj., old boy. I'll drink two or three for you."

The bell rang off. Sure enough, when the Maria arrived at the Workhouse next day, Foltz was among the first to alight. He had been taken in for "drunk" during the night and had received his usual sentence before Judge Ermston.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

That Style of Bed-Warmer Didn't Suit Him.

First Peasant—How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?

Second Ditto—What! They are regular take-ins! Last winter when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss and gave me a big bottle to take to bed with me, and when I opened it, what d'ye think it was? Nothing but hot water!—*London Critic.*

The Cowboy's Course.

A missionary was preaching to an American frontier audience on the prodigal son. After he had described the condition of the son in rags among the swine, and had started him on his return, as he began to speak of the father coming to meet him, and ordering the fatted calf to be killed in honor of the prodigal's return, he noticed a cowboy leaning intensely, and he determined to make a personal appeal. Looking directly at his hearer, the preacher said: "My friend, what would you have done if you had had a son returning home in such a plight?" "I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf," was the prompt reply.

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Business is Business.

He—I love you, Jeannette, and now wish you to consider a proposal of——

She—That will do, James. There is only one honest course to pursue in a business matter like this: Submit a sealed proposal to me by the 15th and your bid shall receive the attention it deserves.

One Left.

O'Dowd—But, bedad, the day's at hand, O'Brien, whin there'll be no tinants in culd Oireland.

O'Brien—An' whin's that?

O'Down—Whin the landlords that's there is all abshentees, an' whin the tinants is all landlords.

O'Brien—Arrah, but there'll shtill be wan tinant lift, O'Dowd.

O'Dowd—An' who'll he be?

O'Brien—The Lord Lift-tinant.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Usual Effect.

"I want to place a column ad. in your paper," he said to the editor, "calling attention to my special brand of Old Raven whisky."

"All right, sir," responded the editor, briskly, "I will be at your service in a moment."

Then he went to the speaking tube and whispered to the foreman—

"Cut out that editorial on the Curse of Drink."

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

No social events of any importance have taken place during the past week, but small and select gatherings, taking the form of croquet and tennis parties, have been more numerous and noticeable than usual. In fact, the town during the last few days has presented a gayer appearance than at any time so far this season. Although a few have already taken flight for home or other fashionable resorts, numbers continue to arrive and the close of the season promises to be a particularly gay one. The hop at the Queen's last Saturday was most enjoyable, the attendance being so large that the ball-room was almost uncomfortably crowded. However, the evening was deliciously cool and the music was all that could be desired. Among those who graced the scene were: Miss Henderson, Miss Cameron, the Misses Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss Milloy, Mr. C. Milloy, Miss M. Cameron, Miss B. Spafford, Mrs. Hately, Mr. T. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Irmintinger of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Major Page, U.S.A., of Fort Niagara, Miss Page, Miss Madge Gale, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Hugh Watt, Mr. W. Hart, Miss Geddes, Mr. F. Knyvett, Mr. C. Howe, Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. Paul Knyvett of London, Mr. Louis McMurray, Mr. E. Ball, Mr. Leslie Nelles; Mrs. and Miss Hershman of New York, Miss Mary Roberts, the Misses Ince, Miss Hilden, Miss Hayes, Mr. Wood of London, Mr. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy and Mr. Ball. Fair faces and handsome dresses were too numerous to allow of any distinction being made in favor of any one in particular; but among the many favorites of the evening, and of those whose beauty attracted general attention might be mentioned one young girl, tall and slight and graceful, with a head of short dark curls framing a face of winning sweetness and indescribable charm, who won most universal admiration. Her dress, made in the simple Grecian style, was crushed strawberry in color, heavily embroidered in silk of a darker shade. Dancing continued, as usual, until within a few minutes of twelve.

Among those who spent Sunday in town were Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Hart of the Standard Bank, Toronto, and Mr. G. Hart of the Bank of Montreal, who were the guests of Dr. Strathy, Mr. Louis McMurray, Mr. T. Chisholm, Mr. A. Pallard, Mr. A. Colquhoun, Mr. W. Strathy, Mr. Stewart Strathy, Mr. Hugh Blain and Mr. E. Ball.

Dr. Thompson of Toronto has been the guest during the past week of Dr. H. L. Anderson.

Mrs Herchmer of New York is spending a few days with Mrs. Robert Ball at her residence, Holmehurst.

Mr. J. Geale Dickson left this week for England where he will rejoin Mrs. Dickson in Surrey. To the regret of their large circle of friends here they will probably make England their home for the next two or three years.

Mrs. Hately, who has been staying at the Anchorage, the residence of Mr. E. Syers, during the past week or two, returned home last Monday.

Miss Annie Morson of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Morgan Baldwin at Delatre Lodge.

Among the recent arrivals in town are Mr. and Mrs. Irmintinger of St. Thomas, who, accompanied by one or two friends, are enjoying the novelty of a driving tour through the surrounding towns and cities. While here they were registered at the Queen's. A few years ago Mrs. Irmintinger, then Mrs. Arthur Dickson, was one of Niagara's fairest belles, and her many friends welcomed her very cordially upon her arrival last Friday.

Mrs. Kallally is spending a few days with her father, the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray, at the Rectory. She is accompanied by her charming young daughter, whose beautiful face has already won her a host of admirers.

Miss Alice Baldwin, who has been visiting absent friends during the past month, is in town again, having returned last Tuesday.

A very pleasant concert, the more enjoyable because the announcement was unexpected, was held at the Chautauqua amphitheater last Saturday evening, those taking part being Mr. W. E. Ramsay, Miss Laura McGillivray, Miss Fowler of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and Mr. Arthur Depew, all of whom are so well known and have made the many concerts given at the Chautauqua this season so complete a success, although the announcement was made late in the week, and there was a hop at the Queen's hotel, a very large audience assembled to enjoy the concert. Miss Fowler and Mr. Depew opened the programme with a most brilliantly-executed duet, which was followed by Mr. Ramsay in some of his most amusing songs, and Miss McGillivray in a selection of her most charmingly-rendered recitations. As a reciter alone, Miss McGillivray could not fail to achieve success, but her sweet face and wonderfully graceful movements upon the stage aid materially in winning her the enthusiastic applause which follows her every appearance. Numbers from town attended, as well as many from Toronto, a few of them directing their steps towards the ball-room of the Queen's at the conclusion of the concert.

A special cricket match was played on the commons near old Fort George on Monday afternoon between the Queen's Royal and the Niagara club, the latter carrying off the victory after a most exciting and closely contested battle. Very few were present to witness the match, which was partly owing to there being one or two attractions in other directions, and partly to the fact that few knew so interesting an event as a good cricket match was taking place such a short distance away. If a more extended notice had been given there would doubtless have been treble the number present to enjoy what, in Niagara, is too rare an event. Some good play was the result of Monday's match, and some capital scores were made on both sides, the Queen's leading the way bravely at first and apparently determined to carry everything before them, but the home club were equal to the occasion, and as has been stated, came off with flying colors at the finish. The Niagara club, which has only been organized a year or two, can boast of more than one good cricketer, Mr. Allan Anderson being one of the number who have given evidence on more than one occasion of exceptionally good play. His bowling especially could scarcely be equalled by many an older and more experienced man.

Mrs. J. Small, who during the summer months is a frequent visitor here, has been spending a few days in town.

Capt. R. G. Dickson of Galt paid his numerous friends here a flying visit last week, only remaining a few hours in town. The Misses Dickson, daughters of Mr. J. G. Dickson, also passed through last Wednesday.

The Cygnet anchored in front of the Queen's on Saturday evening last, some of the merry young yachtsmen appearing in the ball-room towards the latter part of the evening.

GALATEA.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. Bacon of Ottawa, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Stewart, left for Lindsay this week.

Mr. Gilbert Parker left on the noon train on Tuesday for Quebec, Boston and New York. He will visit France and Germany before finally settling in London, Eng. His friends here part from him with the deepest regret but with the hope of seeing him again in Belleville before long. Mr. Parker has pursued his literary labors with zest while here and is engaged on a work soon to be published. He is a member of the St. James' *Gazette* staff.

Mr. Wood and Mr. Stewart of the Auditor's office, Toronto, have been the guests of Mr. R. Mathison for some days.

Mrs. Joseph Parker of George street has changed her reception day to Monday, so that all the ladies on that block receive on the same day.

Mrs. W. S. McCormick of Salt Lake City, authoress of By Hudson's Banks, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. P. Davy of Alexander street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft left for Montreal and New York on Saturday afternoon last.

Mr. Henry Corby, M.P., and Mrs. Corby entertained some friends by a trip to Deseronto on their steam yacht Cosette. Half an hour was given for a stroll through the busy little town. On the return trip refreshments were served by the Misses Tillie, Helen and Alice Corby, assisted by Alderman Starling. The afternoon was delightfully spent, every moment was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Corby was unavoidably absent, for which the party expressed regrets.

Mrs. R. P. Davy of Alexander street gave a dance for young people on Thursday evening.

Miss Emma Biggar is at Murray Bay with the family of Mr. G. Biggar of Toronto.

Mr. J. Wilson and family, late of Montreal, have again taken up residence here. The pretty old house and grounds have been put in first-class order.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips entertained some friends on Saturday evening at Glanmore. The beautiful rooms were brilliantly lighted and presented a very gay appearance. At eleven o'clock a delightful supper was served in the spacious and handsome dining-room. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Imrie Ashcroft of Montreal, Mrs. George Stewart, Mrs. Warrington, Miss May Biggar, Miss Edith Terrill, Miss Mabel Williams, W. Biggar, M.P.P., Dr. Ross, Mr. Gilbert Parker and Ald. Starling.

The Viola of Toronto steamed into our harbor on Saturday with a party of ladies and gentlemen aboard, she gave two of her blood curdling, wild Irish whistles which made some of the inhabitants of our town start and wonder.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen left here on Friday for New York, to attend an international conference of principals and instructors of institutions for the deaf.

Seven Bellevillians met in London, Eng., some days ago and took a trip together to Brighton to spend Sunday, amongst whom were Messrs. T. S. and R. Lazier and Dr. Cook.

BRANTFORD.

A most delightful dance at the Kerby House, last Friday evening, tended to break considerably the dull monotony that has enveloped the social portion of our city during these summer months. The dining-room floor was covered with linen, and some seventy-five pairs of feet tripped merrily to the inspiring music of the harpers. The supper was excellent, and the incredibly short space of time in which it was gotten up, testified to the untiring energy of the young men who promoted the affair. Among the pretty costumes of the ladies I noticed those of Mrs. H. Yates, mauve silk, natural flowers; Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, pale pink and black velvet; Miss Foster of Toronto, white silk; Miss Gibson, yellow silk and black lace; Miss Kendig of Waterloo, N.Y., white silk; Miss Scarfe, Nile green silk over green silk, pink ribbons; Miss McMeans, black lace and pink rosebuds; Miss Goodson, white silk; and Miss Belle, pink cashmere. MAY MERTON.

BARRIE.

A very pleasant garden party was held at the Boulders, Allandale, the residence of Mr. Schreiber, for St. George's church. Quite a number were present and appeared to enjoy themselves. The ice cream and flower booth proved to be a very attractive and pretty bower and was well patronized during the evening. The band of the 35th Battalion rendered excellent music at intervals which delighted all present.

A great many campers have returned home after spending a few weeks tenting at Big Bay Point; although the weather has not been all that could be desired lately for rusticating they all seem to have enjoyed the pleasure of camping life to their hearts' content.

Mr. John Carter of Toronto is spending a week at the Parsonage, Shanty Bay, the guest of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. White.

Professor Clark of Trinity College, Toronto, was in town this week.

Mrs. John Strathy has returned from Muskoka where she spent a short time recently.

Miss C. Hodgert of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. D. Spry.

Mr. Kenneth McKenzie of Toronto spent a few days here lately.

Mr. Esten of Toronto has been holidaying with a camping party at Big Bay Point.

Mr. Ernest and Mr. E. Bird of Toronto were in town for a few days lately.

Mr. Harding of Toronto has been spending some time here, the guest of Mrs. J. McL. Stevenson.

Mr. Fred. Hewson of the Bank of Toronto has gone for vacation.

Mrs. C. Hewson and children have returned from Strawberry Island, Lake Simcoe, where they spent part of this season. OCULAIRE.

Victimizing a Publisher.

Doctor Walcot, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him a life annuity of £200. The doctor, learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase, demanded £300. In reply, the latter appointed day on which he would call on the doctor, and talk the matter over.

At the day assigned, the doctor received him in a dressing gown, even to the nightcap; and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this the crafty doctor assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and make a rich man's heir crazy with joy.

The publisher, however, refused to give more than £200, till suddenly the doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. This the doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized almost instantly with another even more frightful and longer protracted attack that nearly suffocated him; when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards!

Too Suggestive.

Miss De Pretty—Let's form a secret society.

Miss De Pink—Let's. Just like the Odd Fellows and Red Men. Call it the Ancient Order of—of Kings' Daughters.

Miss De Blonde—Or the Ancient Order of Dianas.

Miss De Young—Or the Ancient Order of American—

Miss Oldmaid—Oh, don't let's call it the Ancient Order of anything.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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The undersigned take pleasure in announcing that they have secured for Canada the famous

STRAUSS ORCHESTRA OF VIENNA

THE PERFORMANCES WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONTREAL Monday Afternoon and Evening, SEPTEMBER 15

OTTAWA Tuesday Evening, SEPTEMBER 16

TORONTO Wednesday Aft. & Evening & Thursday Aft. SEPTEMBER 17 and 18

HAMILTON Thursday Evening, SEPTEMBER 18

LONDON Friday Evening, SEPTEMBER 19

Subscription lists are now open in each of the above cities at the warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.

Subscribers will have first choice of seats.

Railroad tickets will be sold to subscribers at one fare for the return journey.

Brochures will be mailed to anyone applying to **PERCIVAL T. GREENE, Manager Toronto Concerts.**

Hugh and Robt. Skinner, Hamilton, Ont.
General Managers for Canada.

DURING THIS MONTH

McKeown & Company

WILL SHOW

Tempting Bargains

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

The Balance of Goods Damaged by Water and all Surplus Summer Stock Knocked Down to Prices to Clear Them Out at Once.

Seersuckers in good dark colors for 5c. a yard, were sold at 10c.

A lot of good, dark color Prints will be cleared at 5c. a yard.

All the best quality Prints at 10c., were 15c. a yard.

Best French Satins, clearing at 12½c. and 15c. a yard.

45 pieces All-Wool Striped Tennis Flannel, were sold at 50c. a yard, will be cleared at 30c.

A lot of French Chambrays, were 25c. and 30c., will be cleared at 10c.

Heavy Gray Cotton Sheeting, 2 yards wide, for 20c., regular price 25c.

Table Linens for 15c., were sold at 25c.

Damask Tablings for 25c., were sold at 40c.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 30c., were 50c.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40c., 50c., 60c., were sold at 60c. to $1 a yard.

Bath Towels, large size, 20c. per pair.

Large Linen Towels, 20c. per pair, worth 30c.

White Quilts, Lace Curtains, Napkins, Tray-Cloths, Sideboard Covers, Towellings, &c., &c., clearing out at less than manufacturers' prices.

McKeown & Company

182 Yonge Street

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A new line of Novelties just in, consisting of

Garter Buckles
Dress Buckles
Match Safes
Memorandum Tablets
Shoe Hooks
Euchre Decks
and Bon Bonnaires

All in Old Silver and Very Cheap

J. E. BROWN & CO.

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Don't suffer with flies. Fly Traps of the most approved patterns in glass 19c. each; Wire Balloon Traps 14c. each, worth 25c.; the "Daisy Fly Killer," 17c., worth 25c., is the neatest, tidiest fly-killer ever invented—will last two years, and is a pretty ornament and no trouble. Wire Cover Sets of five pieces for 44c., or singly 5c. up; also Oval Covers from 7c. up to 49c. for largest.

House furnishers in kitchen and small wares who want to make one dollar buy as much as two elsewhere will visit our wooden-room and other sections of our store. Send for the new Price List—out this week. It will pay you to keep one at hand.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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Where Roads Meet—a story	By E. E. Sheppard
With Victor Hugo	By Louis Frechette
Only a Younger Son	By Seranus
Story of a Skull	By Alex. F. Pirie
Tangles	By Frances Burton Clare
A Sermonette on Guests	By Louise Markscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer	By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak	By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer	By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac	By Grace E. Denison
Crows	By Sophia M. Almon
Berrypicking Time	By Samuel Hunter

And other selections complete the contents of this finest holiday paper issued in Canada.

OUR Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75 BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

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You need no longer pay street car fare down town and back again to buy cheap clothing. We are underselling our down town competitors inasmuch as our expenses are less, our rents smaller.

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GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent.

Not an Authority.

Old maid pupil—For how old do you take me, professor?

"Excuse me, I am a teacher of music and not an antiquarian."

That Boy Again.

Bobby (at the breakfast-table)—Clara, did Mr. Spooner take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Clara—Why, of course not; why should he?

Bobby—That's what I'd like to know. I thought he did, 'cos I heard him say when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and——" Why, what's the matter, Clara?

How a Jilted Man Acts.

While the thing is fresh upon me I shall tell you how it feels to be jilted. Perhaps I may speak for thousands in a like case, but perhaps my feelings are peculiar. I shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I used to read of people in my position having all manner of dreadful sensations. Some would flee the world, others commit suicide, others become mightily miserable all the rest of their days.

I did none of these things. The first thing I did was to light a cigar as soon as I saw the situation. Then I sat down, pulled my chair over to the fire, placed my feet on the side of the fireplace, and said, after reading Stella's letter again, "Well, I'm blowed!" Now this was not exactly the case. I wasn't "blowed," I was jilted, and though I sat and thought over it for a while, I couldn't see anything very dreadful in my predicament at all.

The first thing that occurred to me was that I had had a very good time with Stella. I called to mind all our trips together, the days at Brighton, and boating excursions on the Thames at Richmond. I hugged to my heart all my pleasant memories, and vowed that these, at all events, were real, jolly, happy times while they lasted.

Then I began to think that Stella, though no doubt a very nice girl, was just a shade too quick in the temper for me. Her tastes, too, were rather extravagant for my worldly position, and then, though I had praised her eyes, her face, her cheeks, and her hair, in a sackful of sonnets, I really saw now, now that I was "jilted," that she was a very plain-looking damsel after all, with eyes not at all pretty, and with teeth that were not at all milky in their purity.

Stella's intellectual attainments, too, were not so superior as I had deemed them. I pulled out her letters (which I kept in my desk in old cigar boxes) and thought that her sentences were extremely badly turned, and really, if you looked into her spelling, it was something shocking. Then there wasn't a gleam of poetry in the composition of Stella, and her knowledge of literature, politics or life was of the shallowest kind.

Her manners, no doubt, were pleasing enough. She was neither "fast nor forward," but, compared with some other girls I knew, Stella made a very poor show indeed. She could not talk, paint, nor play well. She had no very sympathetic nature, and was not gentle, winsome nor frank, and in fact, after a deal of cogitation, I began to wonder what I saw in the girl after all.

I did not feel disappointed, nor sad, nor angry, neither did I have any desire to go straight off and jump from London Bridge. Not a bit of it. I was as cool as a cucumber, didn't tear my hair, didn't want to die, and did not walk through the room raving like a maniac and throwing things about.

I smoked my cigar and watched the smoke cloud circling to the roof. I felt just like one who has finished reading a delightful novel.

Having by this "jilting" letter been set down suddenly at the last chapter of my brief love-story, I had no wish to begin again. I was surprised at my own collectedness, I confess.

But are things not always worse in anticipation than they are in reality? Do we not frighten ourselves by thinking of the direfulness of distant events, which when they come in reality do not ruffle us in the least.

So it was when I was jilted, and is the same my confessions. I have held naught back and have spoken as though on oath. If I chance to meet with a "good girl" whom I love, and who loves me, why then we shall be married, and married happily too, I hope, but if no such fate is mine, why then I shall still be happy as one of those bachelors who have been luckless in their love affairs.—*London Tit Bits.*

In the Piny North

Now soft and low the waters flow, and summery is the weather,
ring out your creel, your rod and reel, your tackle get together,
We'll hasten forth to the piny north, where the giant trees are stately
And the game old trout is gliding about, or deep in the waters lying.

We'll pitch our camp by the waters damp, where lies the aforesaid trout,
And if we see that his majesty would rather lie than come out
We'll simply wait to drink up our bait, then back to our homes we'll flee
And tell of our fun; and it's ten to one we'll lie just as well as he.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mons. J. Trancle Armand leaves to day for New York and Coney Island on business and pleasure combined. He will be absent for about two or three weeks.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

AIRD—At Seaforth, on August 14, Mrs. John Aird—a son.
ROSS—At Picton, on August 17, Mrs. Walter T. Ross—a daughter.
AULD—At Napier, on August 6, Mrs. A. R. Auld—a daughter.
CROWTHER—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs. William C. Crowther—a daughter.
WORTHINGTON—At Sherbrooke, Quebec, on August 14, Mrs. Norreys Worthington—a son.
ROWE—At Huntsville, on August 13, Mrs. Elliott S. Rowe—a son, still-born.
FEATHERSTONHAUGH—At Toronto, on August 16, Mrs. Fred B. Featherstonhaugh—a daughter.
MARSH—At Lindsay, on August 16, Mrs. C. H. Marsh—a son.
MACDONALD—At Toronto, on August 19, Mrs. W. Campbell Macdonald—a son.
RICE—At Toronto, on August 16, Mrs. O. F. Rice—a son.
CROSS—At Toronto, on August 14, Mrs. W. H. Cross—a daughter.
GAYNOR—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs. W. Gaynor—a daughter.
KENNEDY—At Toronto, on August 12, Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, jr.—a daughter.
KIRBY—At Toronto, on August 14, Mrs. John C. Kirby—a son.
MURRAY—At Toronto, on August 15, Mrs. Alexander G. Murray—a son.
HUTTON—At Toronto, on August 19, Mrs. John Hutton—a son.

Marriages.

COULSON—OLD—At Caledonia, on August 14, Robert Berry Coulson of Montreal to Elizabeth E. Old.
E ETWOOD—PAXTON—At Whitby, on August 12, John H. Eastwood, M. B., of Pickering to Georgina Victoria Paxton.
LUTTON—CAMPBELL—At Toronto, Joseph Lutton to Jennie Campbell, both of Belleville.
REDMOND—FORDE—At Toronto, on August 11, M. P. Redmond to Elizab th Helen Forde.
CULLEN—DOHERTY—At Cobourg, on August 18, J. J. Cullen of Detroit to Katharine Doherty.
BLAKE—LOVE—At Toronto, on August 11, William Blake to Christina Victoria Love.
KENNEDY—FRASER—At Wallace' urg, on August 14, J. F. Kennedy to Minnie J Fraser.
ANDERSON—BOURDON—At Toronto, on August 19, by Rev. C H. Mockridge, D. D., Alexander J. Anderson to Emilia Adelaide Bourdon, both of Toronto.
BRYANT—GRANT—At Toronto, on August 20, Rev. James Bryant to Mina Grant.
VERRALL—GWATKIN—At Port Arthur, on August 16, Robert Hunt Verrall to Clara Theresa Gwatkin.
McKELLAR—TAYLOR—At Blythe, on August 19, Alexander McKellar of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, to Bella Taylor.
METHERELL—HUTCHINS—At Parkhill, Ont., on August 19, Dr. Metherell to Minnie Hutchins.
MORRIS—COTTINGHAM—At Peterboro', on August 20, James Morris to Letitia Kate Cottingham.

Deaths.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on August 17, Harriet Vance Anderson, aged 16 months.
GRAFTON—At Toronto, on August 17, Stewart Douglas Grafton, aged 8 months.
ELLIOTT—At Toronto, August 16, Edward D. Eliott, aged 24 years.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on August 17, Mary Ann Williams, aged 78 years.
WILTSHIRE—At Toronto, on August 16, Bertha Maud Wiltshire, aged 4 years.
McMILLAN—At West Toronto Junction, Charles McMillan, aged 72 years.
RANE N—At Toronto, on August 17, Edith Clifton Jessie Ranain, aged 6 months.
BULMAN—At Toronto, on August 17, Mrs. Robert Bulman, aged 68 years.
MURPHY—At Toronto, on August 16, Mrs. L. J. Murphy of Janesville, Wis.
JOHNSTON—At Agincourt, on August 16, Benjamin Johnston, aged 87 years.
LEWIS—At Toronto, on August 19, James R. Lewis, ages 40 years.
SCARLETT—At Toronto, on August 19, James Scarlett, aged 73 years.
BOOTH—At Toronto, R. H. Booth, aged 67 years.
HINTON—At Toronto, on August 18, Harry D. Hinton.
MARSH—At Lindsay, on August 17, infant son of Rev. C. H. Marsh.
McGRATH—At Toronto, on August 18, second son of P. and Catharine McGrath, aged 3 years.
HERON—At Toronto, on August 18, Wm. John Heron, aged 34 years.
ROME—At Toronto, on August 17, John Carlyle Rome, aged 72 years.
POWELL—At Toronto, on August 15, Newton William Powell, M.D., of Cobourg, aged 63 years.
KLEISER—At Toronto, on August 14, Mrs. Eleanor Kleiser.
MILLINGTON—At Toronto, on August 14, Thomas Millington, aged 33 years.
SOMERVILLE—At Elder's Mills, on August 10, James Somerville, aged 46 years.
STREET—Accidentally killed on August 14, William Street.
STUART—At Hamlin, N. Y., on August 9, Mrs. Catharine Stuart, aged 84 years.
HODGENS—At Toronto, on August 14, infant daughter of George and Katie Hodgens, aged 5 months.
SINCLAIR—At Toronto, on August 14, John Sinclair, sr., aged 61 years.
BREKETON—At Toronto, infant son of Richard L. and Victoria Brereton, aged 4 months.
GORRIE—At Toronto, on August 19, William Gorrie, aged 63 years.
NORMAN—At Toronto, on August 20, Robert Norman, aged 72 years.
PRICE—At Toronto, on August 20, Mrs. James Price.
STONE—At Toronto, on August 20, Henry Stone, aged 59 years.
CLINE—At Toronto, on August 20, Mrs. Lemuel B. Cline, aged 49 years.

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